



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/poemslond00lond>





Professor Smyth  
from the Rev. A. L. Elliott.



POEMS.

LONDON:

JAMES RIDGWAY, 169, PICCADILLY.

---

MDCCCXXXII.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.



PR

3991

A1P765

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Ox being called a Poet .....	1
Flowers .....	5
A Legend of Cloudland.....	9
To John William, on his Birth-day .....	15
To a Young Friend, with her Portrait.....	19
Alas! not mine the skill .....	22
Hope .....	25
Do not, do not Smile on me .....	29
On leaving Hallsteads .....	31
On returning to Hallsteads .....	35



# POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS.

---

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PARAPHRASE on 1 Kings, xix. 11. ....	3
On Easter Sunday .....	6
The Ninth Plague of Egypt .....	11
Hymn .....	14
On James v. 13. ....	17
Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm .....	22
The Vision of the Dry Bones, Ezekiel xxxvii.....	26
Hymn for Sunday Morning .....	30
Lines, addressed to one prevented by Illness from attending Public Worship.....	34
Evening Hymn .....	36
“ In this is Victory ” .....	39

	PAGE
On Mark vi. 48. ....	45
“ This do in Remembrance of me ” ....	49
Sweet is the voice of Song.....	53
“ Jesus Wept ” ....	56
The Passover ....	59
The Meeting of Friends.....	65
On Psalm cxvi. 7. ....	67

## POEMS.

---

### ON BEING CALLED A POET.

THOU glorious gift of heav'n !  
Ethereal Poesy, to whose controul  
Wide nature's fields are giv'n,  
And all the hidden chambers of the soul :

Who sweep'st the mystic chords  
Of the responsive heart ; by whom each thought,  
Too deep for common words,  
Is from its silent sanctuary brought :

Thou whose high-soaring way,  
Far beyond this life's sense-bound confines lies ;  
Who fling'st o'er earth the ray  
Of sunbeams caught from cloudless Paradise :

Thou that art nature's voice  
When grief or joy the bursting bosom swells ;  
Chosen, oh lofty choice !  
To clothe th' Almighty's living oracles :

Thou art as some bright star  
Of pow'r to bless, illuminate, and cheer ;  
I gaze on thee from far,  
And sigh to think I may not reach thy sphere.

Though through my soul thou dart  
Th' electric shock of breathless, deep delight ;  
Though all my vanquish'd heart,  
Touch'd, melted, thrill'd, confess thy conquering  
    might :

Though through my throbbing brain  
Rush eager untold longings ; yet too well  
I know those longings vain,  
And check th' ambitious hopes that idly swell.

I would not so profane,  
Celestial Poesy ! thy sacred fire,  
By numb'ring my weak strain  
'Mong the true offspring of thy living lyre.

Yet though to me denied  
The eagle's flight through boundless fields of air,  
The tempest's wing to ride,  
Sport with the sunbeam, and the lightning dare ;

Enough, if mine the power,  
As near to earth I wing my feeble flight,  
From humblest herb or flower  
To catch some tale of wisdom or delight.

Enough, if, like the gale  
That wafts earth's flower-breath'd incense to the skies,  
From fancy's lowliest vale  
My glad and grateful thoughts may heav'nward rise.



## FLOWERS.

GAY festive garment of the summer earth,  
Creation's fairest charm, enchanting flowers,  
Of sun and showers and dew ethereal birth,  
That seem too lovely for this world of our's,  
Give us one smile, and then with swift decay  
Breathe your sweet lives away :

Dear are ye to me with no common charm ;  
A charm that lifeless things not oft dispense ;  
Yet not alone, because your power I prove  
To cheer the spirit and make glad the sense,  
And o'er the heart a dewy freshness fling  
All redolent of Spring :

Nor only for that memory's youngest date

Is fraught with records of you, when ye were

“ My early visitation and my late,”

Themes of my triumph, nurslings of my care ;

And by you waken'd, thronging visions come

Of my own flowery home :

Nor yet alone that Poetry hath blent

Her graceful fictions with your growth, and wrought

Her airy spells, and to each blossom lent

A soul of gentle feeling and pure thought,

So that some charm of heart—some mental grace, :

In each fair form we trace :

✓ The rose, whose life is sweetness, and whose breath

Outlives her faded hues, to fancy's sight

Emblems the love triumphant over death ;

The lily's sky-wove robes of angel white

Tell of the pure and spotless glory giv'n

To the blest heirs of heav'n :

X The flow'r which, scentless to noon's sultry hour,  
Yields its sweet treasures to the twilight dews,  
As sorrow's night calls forth religion's power ;  
And that which with instinctive change pursues  
The sun's bright course, as turns the Christian's eye  
To seek his Guide on high :

All the meek nestlings of the vale beneath,  
And all that crown th' aspiring crag above,  
Or round some stem their graceful garlands wreath  
With the fond weakness of confiding love,—  
All breathe the soul of eloquence, and each  
Has its own lovely speech.

Yet not for these alone, though charms like these  
Plead with no feeble voice, are ye thus dear,  
For stronger claims are your's, and mightier pleas ;  
Ye are His witnesses who placed you here  
To gladden earth, and minister delight  
To human sense and sight.

He at whose word light was, whose power sustains  
The universe of being's endless round,  
'Tis He who, prodigal in bounty, deigns  
To lavish beauty o'er the lowly ground ;  
He writes His *glories* in the stars above,  
But in the flowers His *love*.

He who thus clothes the lily, who doth make  
The fragile herb to flourish its brief day,  
Will He not care for us—will He forsake ?  
Appoints He not our portion, and our way ?  
Oh, weak of faith, and slow and hard of heart,  
When will our fears depart ?

Therefore, when grief of heart which comes to all,  
Shall come to me, and angry blasts shall tear  
The blossoms from life's boughs, and with'ring fall  
Its fresh green leaves, and all be bleak and bare,  
I'll look on these sweet preachers round me spread,  
Look, and be comforted.

## A LEGEND OF CLOUDLAND.

THE bright things and the beautiful that I have seen to-day,  
As gazing up into the sky in mute delight I lay !  
The wonderful, the glorious things ! oh, had I but the pow'r  
To tell a thousandth part of all I saw in one bright hour.

Long time 'twas but a dazzling dream of vague magnificence,  
Whose ever-shifting glories mock'd my weak bewildered  
sense ;

But then the vision grew more clear before my stedfast eye,  
And I saw a long procession pass in solemn splendour by.

They were the spirits of the blest, but just from earth  
set free,

And methought that still they wore the shroud of dim  
mortality;

Not yet all glorified they seem'd, but they floated tow'rds the  
light,

And ev'ry moment as they soar'd, wax'd brighter and more  
bright.

Silent and slow they mov'd along, with calm and even pace ;  
Soft viewless airs were wafting them to their blest resting-  
place :

But one among the train I mark'd who linger'd on her track,  
And I marvell'd much what tie had pow'r to hold that spirit  
back.

And then I saw a babe, whose head lay nestling on her breast,  
His dimpled arm about her neck caressingly was prest,  
His rosy lip was seeking her's, his clear blue eye the while  
Seem'd waiting but a look from her to flash into a smile.

One gush of passionate tenderness, one pang of natural grief  
Cross'd o'er that Mother's lovely face, but ah ! their sway  
was brief ;

Soon radiant grew her uprais'd brow, her meek eyes fill'd  
with prayer—

“ Oh, Father, train my child for heaven, and I shall meet  
him there ! ”

And still they rose, a countless throng, in solemn, slow  
array ;

And still my heart went with them all upon their heav'n-  
ward way.

But then I mark'd another there, bound by some unseen ties,  
Who hover'd long upon the brink, as tho' she could  
not rise.

There was one who held her down to earth, and on her  
garment knelt,

In whose sad eyes an untold depth of speechless anguish  
dwelt ;

“ And canst thou, wilt thou leave me thus, mine own  
beloved one !

“ And must I seek my widow'd home thus desolate and  
lone ?”

She veil'd her mantle round her head, she did not—could  
not speak ;

For ah ! how strong is human love ! the human heart how  
weak !

But with clasp'd hands, all fervently for strength she seem'd  
to pray,

And fainter grew that passionate grasp, and she soar'd from  
earth away.

They floated on—they floated on—that bright and shadowy  
train ;

Their skirts of fleecy splendour swept the blue ethereal plain.  
And now another band advanc'd from some far region blest,  
Around whom breath'd soft airs of peace,—an atmos-  
phere of rest.



Methought as messengers they came, to guide, with wings  
of love,

These younger sisters from the earth, to their blest home  
above ;

Holy and pure as angels' are, were their resplendent  
eyes,

And full of heav'n's own light they smil'd a welcome to the  
skies.

I saw them meet, I saw them kneel, wrapt in a long  
embrace,

And, as they knelt, a glory fell on each uplifted face ;

Awhile, as from excess of joy, they paus'd, with folded  
wings ;

The silence of their rapture told unutterable things.

Then onward, onward still they mov'd, towards the glorious  
sun,

They drank his rays until they grew like light to look  
upon.

And methought that could I follow them with firm un-  
shrinking eye,

I soon should see heav'n's golden gates receive them all  
on high.

But ah! in vain I sought to pierce those dazzling depths  
of light,

For a dimness and a darkness came across my aching  
sight ;

And all those bright and beauteous things pass'd from  
me like a dream ;

I was again on earth, and oh ! how dark this earth did  
seem !

TO JOHN WILLIAM,

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH-DAY,

*May 2.*

BABE, thou wert born in a lovely hour,  
Thou open'dst on life with the op'ning flow'r—  
Thou art the child of the sweet Spring-time,  
When the earth looks glad in her blossomy prime ;  
When the air is alive with the hum of bees,  
And the voice of the grove is on ev'ry breeze,  
When the fields are gay with the young lambs' mirth,  
And the blue skies laugh to the laughing earth.

Again the year its course hath told,  
The wintry months away have roll'd,  
And May is come back with her joyous train,  
To welcome the day of thy birth again.

Where are they now, the last year's flow'rs  
That greeted thee first in this world of our's ?  
They are gone—all gone—the fragile race !  
And others, which knew them not, spring in their  
place.

But thou, human flow'r ! thou art not as they,  
Thou bloomest the fairer from day to day ;  
And months, as their changing course they fill,  
Blossom of life ! find thee lovelier still.  
Thy young limbs move with a freer grace,  
There is more of soul in thy speaking face,  
Thou hast winning ways with thy fond confidings,  
Thy shy sweet looks, and playful hidings ;  
Young joy laughs out in each artless wile,  
Thou hast love's own eye, and the heart's own smile.

Blessings, thou lovely one ! on thee rest—  
Blessings the choicest, the purest, the best.  
Such as live deep in the thought of love,  
And are breath'd in the pray'r of the heart above ;

Richly those blessings to thee be giv'n,  
Which make of this earth a path to heav'n !

Thou art now in a world where the stormy blast  
Scatters our spring-like joys full fast ;  
Where steps that o'er flowers once bounded free,  
On a path of thorns move wearily ;  
Where light hearts sadden as on they roam —  
But cheer thee yet, tender one ! 'tis not thy home !  
Far beyond this dark earth's wintry skies,  
The home of the blest and the holy lies ;  
Nought enters there to pollute or destroy,  
Stainless and pure are its founts of joy.  
There are no sorrows, with cankering blight,  
To eat out the heart of each young delight ;  
There are no blossoms that droop and fall,  
For the stamp of eternity seals them all.  
Be it thine to seek that country fair,  
And a heav'nly Guide conduct thee there !

He, through whose veil of flesh there shone  
The glories of heav'n's Eternal One,  
He in his arms young children took,  
And bless'd them with love in his gracious look.  
Thus may He bless thee, thus still be near,  
To guide thee and guard thee while sojourning here ;  
Shield thee from ill in the arms of his love,  
Then take thee to dwell with Himself above !

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

WITH HER PORTRAIT.

MY task is done—something perchance of thee

This sketch pourtrays—but ah ! how ill are caught  
By mimic strokes the changeful witchery—

The breathing truth—the animated thought  
Of nature ; match'd with these, how poor a thing  
This shadow, and at best how perishing !

But does the mind, the nobler mind, bequeath

To future days no living portraiture ?

These thoughts that glow within, in which we breathe

A loftier being, shall they not endure ?

But, creatures of a moment, melt in air,

Nor leave a trace to tell that such things were ?

Nay, rather ask what day, what hour, goes by,  
That does not with its silent finger trace  
Some feature of our souls : we may not fly  
This truth—nor e'er the record may efface  
Grav'n by our deeds—they know no flatt'ring skill ;  
But our's the choice to make them good or ill.

Some on the fortunes of a state, the change  
Of empires, write their characters—and some  
Thro' thought's wide universe exulting range,  
Conquering new worlds for ages yet to come,  
Which, on the fields of science graven find  
The lineaments of their majestic mind.

Far other sphere is Woman's—lowlier far,  
And of a narrower range, yet not less blest ;  
Her world is in her home—her annals are  
The cherish'd feelings of the silent breast ;  
There, where in life her gentle influence dwelt,  
Less prais'd than lov'd—scarce seen, but inly felt.



They, in whose fireside joys she bore a part,  
    'Mid those bright hours of gladness unprov'd,  
When thought meets thought, and heart replies to  
    heart;

They round whose bed of languishing she mov'd  
With gentle tendance, and soft voice of cheer,  
And smile of hope that hid the starting tear;

The weary and the desolate of soul,  
    To whom her step seem'd as an angel's tread;  
The weak, the wand'ring, whom her meek controul  
    Won back to loftier hopes, and heav'nward led;  
'Mid such as these her cherish'd image dwells,  
And more than words their tear of fondness tells.

Thus be thy portrait trac'd—thou on whose eye  
    Life opens bright ! I would not damp its joys,  
But crown them with that hope, most blest, most high,  
    Which time effaces not, nor death destroys.  
Brief, very brief this mortal life—but we  
Have that within made for eternity !

ALAS! NOT MINE THE SKILL.

ALAS! not mine the skill

To bid the lyre reply,

And wake from echoing chords at will

The soul of harmony.

Nor unto me belong

The critic's ear or tone—

Yet something of the joy of song

Perchance to me is known.

To listen with fix'd eye,

Mute lip, and throbbing heart,

With sighs that heave resistlessly,

And tears that long to start ;

To listen, and to feel

A strange mysterious sense,  
An airy influence o'er me steal,  
And bear me softly hence ;

Wrapt in a dream of sound,  
To be I know not where ;  
To tread awhile enchanted ground,  
To breathe celestial air :

To live o'er all the past,  
The blest, the unforgot,  
With shadowy splendour o'er it cast,  
Which present hours know not ;

Round me to see the while,  
The dear, the absent, move—  
To gaze upon the beaming smile,  
The eyes whose light is love ;

To hear each hidden thought  
That lives and dies unknown,  
Back on the wond'ring spirit brought,  
In soft, unearthly tone ;

Each lofty aim that springs  
Through the vast world of mind,  
Shaping strange visions, glorious things,  
Wild, wond'rous, undefin'd ;

To find all these pourtray'd,  
And own that music's art  
A mirror to the soul is made—  
An echo to the heart ;

Such pleasures can the spell  
Of music round me pour ;  
And while in this fair land I dwell,  
I scarce can wish for more.

## HOPE.

HOPE—what is hope ? A flow'r—  
Spring's first and loveliest one ;  
The storm comes by with sudden pow'r,  
And the fair flower is gone.

Hope—what is hope ? The note  
Of a sweet-voiced wand'ring bird ;  
We scarce can catch the sounds that float,  
Silent as soon as heard.

Hope—what is hope ? An isle—  
A sunny isle of blue,  
Op'ning 'mid clouds its transient smile,  
Then blotted from the view.

Hope—what is hope ? The gleam  
Of a ripple on the deep ;  
The airy flatt'ry of a dream,  
From which we wake to weep.

Hope—'tis a baffled thought,  
A yearning wild and vain ;  
A joy with tears too dearly bought,  
Still sick'ning into pain.

Hope—treacherous hope ! thy name  
To me sounds mournfully ;  
Therefore farewell—nor henceforth claim  
One lay, one vow from me.

With thy tumultuous thrill,  
Thy fever of the heart,  
Thy eager thirst, unsated still,  
False, earthly hope, depart !

Hope—what is hope ? The bow  
Of promise set on high,  
Illuming, with prophetic glow,  
The sad ~~and~~ weeping sky.

Hope—what is hope ? The stay,  
The anchor of the soul,  
Still firm amid the wave's wild play,  
And the stormy billows' roll.

Hope—what is hope ? A flame  
That bright 'mid ashes springs ;  
Unquench'd amid the ruin'd frame  
Of perish'd earthly things.

Hope—what is hope ? The flight  
Of the dove into her nest ;  
The foretaste of a deep delight ;  
Th' anticipated rest.

Hope—what is hope? A ray  
From skies unclouded giv'n;  
A wing that wafts from earth away—  
A chain let down from heav'n.

Hope—Christian hope! Thou guide,  
Most glorious and divine!  
Oh! be thou always by my side,  
Be thou for ever mine!



DO NOT, DO NOT SMILE ON ME.

[*For Music.*]

Do not, do not smile on me,

Smile thus mildly ;

I could better look on thee

Grieving wildly.

Sigh, and tear, and groan, from thee

Darkly blending ;

Than that patient smile, would be

Less heart-rending.

Frenzied sorrow I could brook

In all its madness,

Better than that deep, still look—

That sweet sadness.

We may soothe the tears that start,  
The grief that's spoken ;  
But we may not heal the heart  
Crush'd and broken.

ON LEAVING HALLSTEADS,

*Nov. 6, 1828.*

FAREWELL ! It must be said—though loth the heart

To frame, the lips to breathe it—yet, farewell !

Perhaps 'tis weakness—yet how few can part

From scenes where joy, and peace, and beauty dwell,

O'er which the sacred name

Of home its spell of tender pow'r doth frame,

Without one starting tear—one struggling sigh—

One sudden pang of sweet and bitter memory.

And say not they are lifeless things : to hills,

Lakes, rivers, vales, the thoughtful heart still lends

Its own existence—breathing spirit fills

Their solitudes ; a human nature blends

Its sympathies with their's ;

To them we trust our sorrows and our cares ;

They ne'er betray our trust, nor mock our woes,  
But o'er us breathe their own inviolate repose.

Yes, ye have been as friends to me : I sought

The influence of your presence in the hour  
When mounting energy and lofty thought

Were quench'd by earth-born care's debasing pow'r.

Without reproach or blame,

Ye breath'd a quick'ning spirit through my frame ;  
And, with the eloquence of wordless speech,  
Deep truths ye did impart, and hidden wisdom teach.

Farewell ! I leave you now—and who shall say

Through what far scenes my future path may lie ;  
'Mid the throng'd haunts of men may be my way,  
The peopled city's busy vanity ;

Where rules of servile art

Silence the loftier beatings of the heart ;

And ev'ry sick'ning sight, and weary sound,

Chains down the high-born soul to life's unmeaning  
round.

Then, vainly will the yearnings of my heart

Turn to thee, blessed home! ah! all in vain

Thou bright enchantment of life's earlier part;

Thou vision, all too glorious to remain:

A dream, as one of those

That float round smiling infancy's repose,

When, hov'ring on the confines of this earth,

The soul with ling'ring love still haunts its place of  
birth.

And shall we then repiningly compare

With the bright past the present's joyless scene?

Whate'er remains of mingled good and fair,

Forgotten in the glories that have been?

Will the remember'd hours,

When nature's joyous liberty was our's,

To the world's fetters add a harsher weight,

Make our fate seem more dark, our lot more  
desolate?

Far be this from us ! rather let it be

A cherish'd theme of thankful love and praise ;

A home for musing thought, where memory

May dwell amid the joys of other days.

Exulting let us think

We did from nature's living fountains drink ;

To us hath been reveal'd what God made earth,

In the fresh glories of her pure and perfect birth.

In the calm grandeur of th' eternal hills—

The silence of the solemn skies—we felt

His nearer presence who all nature fills ;

Within our hearts the still, small voice hath dwelt :

Around us, and above,

Were traced the glowing footsteps of His love ;

And our blest eyes, with scarce a veil between,

In His own perfect works our gracious God have  
seen.

ON RETURNING TO HALLSTEADS,

1829.

---

“ Once more upon the waters.”

---

ONCE more upon the mountains, and once more  
The mountain turf beneath my feet ; the free,  
The living breeze, the mountain-born, doth pour  
Its quick'ning spirit through my veins ; I see  
The foaming brook its headlong pathway take ;  
Beneath me lies my own—my lovely lake !

Yes—all are here—all that my longing heart

Sicken'd to see, are now before my eyes—

Is it no vision ? wilt thou not depart,

Thou charmed scene, thou dream of Paradise ?

No, still 'tis fixed. Above, around, beneath,

All is enchantment—yet I live, move, breathe.

Behold, they welcome me—mine ancient friends—

Familiar sharers of my lonely hours—

They welcome me ! The mighty mountain bends

To smile upon me.—Tree, brook, valley, showers

A greeting—Rapture through my bosom thrills—

I look again upon th' eternal hills !

Th' eternal hills ! Yes, ages wax and wane,

States perish, generations pass away,

And empires are destroyed ; but ye remain,

Untouch'd by time, unconscious of decay ;

Vigorous and fresh as when ye first look'd forth

On the subsiding seas, th' emerging earth.



Th' eternal hills ! Beneath, the tide of life

Frets, foams, and hurries on—among you, hold  
The storms their battle-fields ; the tempest-strife  
Is wag'd, bolts darted, volleying thunders roll'd ;  
Yet calm amid the turmoil of the scene,  
Unscath'd ye stand, immovably serene.

Th' eternal hills ! And I who gaze on ye—

Have I no kindred with you ? Feel I not  
Within the spark of immortality,  
Here dim, but destin'd to a brighter lot ?  
Yes, earth shall perish—the star-lighted sky  
Be quench'd—the human spirit cannot die.

And therefore, with such depth of wond'ring love

We look on you, because in you we see  
Faint, far-off' images of things above,  
Dim shadowings forth of His eternity,  
Of whom and through whom all things are, whose name  
Is grav'n on nature's universal frame.

Glory to Thee, Almighty ! who didst make  
This earth a place of beauty ; and who still,  
Though earth be ruin'd for her master's sake,  
Dost with the outskirts of Thy glory fill  
The lone recesses of her majesty,  
And mak'st her silence eloquent of Thee !

Glory to Thee, if e'er Thy works have brought  
Their Maker's presence to our hearts ; if thence  
Our souls have learnt one loftier, purer thought,  
Or felt of unseen things a nearer sense,  
Or thirsted more for immortality—  
All praise, all glory, gracious God, to Thee !

## THE GIFT OF SONG.

AND would'st thou claim the gift of song,

The charmed gift—

And pour the sounding stream along,

Bright, gushing, swift ?

Take then the gift thou fain would'st seize—

Be thine the eye

To which the heart's deep mysteries

Unfolded lie.

Each tone of nature's voice be brought

To thy lone ear,

The language of the silent thought

Gifted to hear.

Go pour thy soul along the lyre,  
Go sweep its chords,  
And inspiration's living fire  
Glow in thy words.

Each secret spring, where feeling lies,  
Wake with fine art,  
Till, trembling to thy touch, replies  
The echoing heart.

Go forth, and where thou go'st, a smile  
Each face shall wear ;  
Go forth, and be thyself the while  
The saddest there !

The fount whence song's sweet waters rise  
Lies dark and deep ;  
Wouldst thou call tears from other eyes,  
Thyself must weep.

Wouldst thou o'er other hearts have power,  
Thine own must ache ;  
And strings which tremble ev'ry hour,  
At last may break.

Oh thou that feel'st, whoe'er thou be,  
A poet's glow,  
Pray that it be not unto thee  
A gift of woe !

## DIRGE OF THE FLOWERS.

FAREWELL, farewell, sweet flowers !

Not long on earth ye dwell ;  
With ev'ning's closing hours  
We ring your knell.

In beauty ye were born,  
And your joyous leaves were spread  
To the breathings of the morn—  
Now ye are dead !

The gently-stealing dew  
Fell on you soft and light ;  
O'er you the breezes blew,  
Whisp'ring delight.

The butterfly's light wing

Hath dwelt your leaves among,

And the bee came there to sing

His murmuring song.

The blue and sunny sky

Smil'd on you from above ;

Sweetly your hours went by—

Your life was love.

Yes, ye seem born to bliss

For one brief summer's day ;

And then, with all your loveliness,

Ye pass away.

Ah! surely much is found

To bid sad thoughts arise,

Here where we cannot look around

But something dies !

Farewell, sweet flowers ! for ye

In nature's tomb are laid ;

Oh beautiful that world must be

Where none shall fade !



## SING TO ME A SONG OF HEAVEN.

“ SING to me a song of heav’n—

Sweet lady, sing to me—

For surely ’tis a heavenly voice

Which God hath giv’n to thee.

“ Thou hast sung me many lovely songs,

Their sweetness charm’d my ear ;

But there was none that spoke of heav’n,

And ’tis such I long to hear.

“ ’Twas but last night I dream’d of heav’n ;

Oh how beautiful it seem’d !

The tears will come into my eyes,

When I think of what I dream’d.

“ The lovely glorious things ! I saw  
The angels round me move ;  
They seem’d all made of sunbeams bright ;  
Their eyes were full of love.

“ I heard them sing—oh such a song !  
’Twas like no earthly thing—  
As if their hearts ran o’er with joy,  
And they could not choose but sing.

“ How fair those angels were ! methought  
There was one had eyes like thee—  
Oh lady, sing to me like them—  
Sing a song of heav’n to me !”

The lady look’d upon the boy,  
As he stood with upturn’d face,  
His large, dark, gentle eyes uprais’d  
With a beseeching grace.

Those eyes with their deep inward light,  
So earnest, yet so mild ;  
You would have thought his very soul  
Sate in their orbs and smil'd.

The lady look'd, and did not speak,  
But she took him to her knee ;  
She press'd him to her breast and wept—  
Wept long and silently.

Then in low broken voice she said,  
When speech at last was given,  
“ Oh were my heart like thine, sweet child !  
For of such as thou is heav'n ! ”

## OLD CHURCH.

THERE is a spot of tranquil loveliness  
Not seldom visited by fancy's wing,  
Nor to the heart less dear ; thy shelter'd bay—  
Thy silent majesty of circling hills—  
Thy consecrated shade of ancient yew—  
The gay profusion of thy flow'ry wealth—  
And all thy beauty—all thy peacefulness—  
Belov'd and lovely Old Church ! There shall thought  
Wander awhile ; and, summoning the throngs,  
The visionary pageantries which crowd  
O'er the mind's magic mirror, breathing there  
The vividness of life, shall bid them stay,  
Till, for the solace of a vacant hour,  
I shape in words th' unreal fantasies.

Ages have roll'd their backward flight ; and now,  
Beneath the shade of solemn yews, I see  
A building rise—a lowly house of God.  
No pomp of art was there—no airy spire,  
No vast magnificence of pillar'd aisle,  
No vaulted loftiness of arch, which thought  
Soars up to reach, and then shrinks back, dismay'd,  
O'erwhelm'd by its own littleness—was there :  
No dim solemnity of cloister'd gloom—  
No gorgeous glow of rainbow light—no voice  
Loud as of many waters—the full swell  
Of mighty organ, making the whole air  
Instinct with breathing harmony—was there :  
Yet holy was the place—for there the voice  
Of the Most High, His living oracles  
Spake to the hearts of men ; there pray'r and praise,  
Those wings of heav'n, bore the glad soul on high :  
And there the High and Holy One, whom not  
The heav'n of heav'ns containeth—He who makes

Eternity His dwelling-place, vouchsafed  
To hold communion with the lowly heart.

Most pleasant was the sight, to watch the throngs  
That, on the morning of the holy day  
Gather'd within those courts : from distant tracts  
The Sabbath pilgrims came : his mountain-hut  
The shepherd left ; the dwellers of the vales  
By easier paths led on their little ones—  
Some o'er the waters came, and to their oars  
Tim'd the soft measure of their sacred lays.

One morn—one lovely morn in that sweet season  
When Spring fast ripens into Summer, there  
A joyful group had met—a youthful pair  
Had borne their first-born to the holy font.  
A proud delight was in the father's step ;  
Yet ever as his sparkling glance would turn  
Upon his babe, and her who added now

To the dear name of wife one dearer still,  
A softness stole across his brow, and drops  
Half-gather'd in his eye, till dash'd away  
By the quick hand of hasty shame. Beside,  
His gentler partner stood ; youth's fair, clear brow  
Was her's, yet shaded with a matron grace ;  
The laughing lustre of her maiden eye  
Softened, not quenched ; her bounding footstep tam'd,  
Not by the weight of grief, but those sweet cares  
Which are a woman's bliss. Most fair she stood  
Amid her trembling joys, and tearful smiles,  
Stilling the throbbings of her heart, to hush  
The babe that wond'ring half, and half afraid,  
Nestled more closely to her breast. But now  
The sacred rites begin ; the crystal drops,  
Symbolic, on the placid brow are shed ;  
Sign'd is the cross ; the solemn vows are made ;  
The tender and the helpless one is brought  
To that good Shepherd who will gently gather  
The tender lambs, and in his bosom bear.

They turn to part in peace.—But hark ! a sound—  
An indistinct, yet fearful sound—a rush  
Of trampling feet—a clash of arms. One look—  
One agonizing look on wife and children,  
And each man seiz'd his sword ; for then, alas !  
E'en in the house of God men dar'd not meet  
Unarm'd—and then the slaughter, and the strife  
Unequal—death in every ghastly shape—  
The savage yell of victors—shrieks and groans—  
The helpless agony of woman's grief—  
And all is over : with their wretched prey  
The conquerors depart. The dead—the dying,  
Remain one bloody pile, till the last act  
Of cruel devastation flings a torch  
Within the walls : the crashing ruin lies  
A black and mould'ring heap.—Alas ! alas !  
That such things have been !—And the Spring came back,  
The gentle Spring, with her glad smile of hope,  
Her voice of promise, and her touch of beauty ;  
And earth look'd fair as when, some twelve-months since,



Those peaceful walls beheld a parent's joy ;  
Now all was desolation. Many years  
Had pass'd away, and still, with fearful pow'r  
The memory of that morn of terrors dwelt  
In ev'ry heart ; none nam'd it but his voice  
Trembled—his cheek grew pale. Nor e'er again  
Where once they stood, those ruin'd walls arose.  
But on a lonely mountain-moor, girt round  
With the defence of barren solitudes,  
The hands of pious men a temple rear'd ;  
Peaceful they worshipp'd there the God of peace.

The scene is chang'd ; I see a cottage rise  
On the once-consecrated ground ; a low  
And homely building, with adornment none,  
Save the green tapestry, and the cluster'd bloom  
Of one white rose ; thence did the Summer cull  
Her earliest tribute, and the Autumn there  
The latest ling'rer found. The walls are girt  
With a trim garden ; the free, graceful hand

Of taste ne'er touch'd its precincts ; but the eye  
Of industry may rest well pleas'd upon  
Its rows of herbs, parted with bord'ring flow'rs  
Sweet to the sense, and bright of hue. Within  
This cottage dwelt a widow, with her son—  
Her only son. No bolder foot than his  
E'er scal'd the cloud-frequented cliff, to spoil  
The eagle's nest—for eagles then maintain'd  
Their ancient sov'reignty, unscar'd by man ;  
No youthful arm with firmer sweep impell'd  
The swift boat through the parted wave ; no voice  
Awoke the echoes with more joyous tone ;  
Yet ne'er did docile childhood wear a brow  
Than his more meekly rev'rent, when, at eve,  
His widow'd mother, with clasp'd hands, and voice  
Of trembling love, would call on the Most High  
To bless the son, who thus, in her old age,  
Honor'd his mother.—Years pass'd calmly on,  
With nought of change, save that the hand of time  
Lay heavier on the widow's head ; no more

Her failing strength could mount the rugged path  
So duly trod of old, by which she sought  
The house of pray'r ; with slow and feeble step  
Amid her household cares she mov'd ; nor stoop'd  
To tend her flow'rs, of old her pleasant toil.  
Scarce had she pass'd her door, but that her son,  
With filial tenderness would woo her forth,  
And place her sunny seat where the warm beams  
Sent life and pleasure through her age and limbs.  
There would she pass a silent hour at noon,  
And ever on her knee her Bible lay,  
Whence still with patient toil her eyes would glean  
Some words of truth, or promise, which she stor'd  
For pious thought, and kept within her heart.  
Thus oft she sate—for she would say, “ I love,  
Amid the works of God, to read His word.”  
And oft when, raising thence her gaze, she turn'd  
To the bright lovely landscape, o'er her came  
A look that was not this world's—and she cried,  
“ A goodly earth—how much more goodly heav'n !”

One morn her son had left her thus—at noon  
Returning, by the cottage wall he paus'd  
To pluck a rose, the summer's first ; since morn  
The bud had burst ; he bore it to his mother :  
Where he had left her was she—he drew nigh—  
She rous'd not at the well-known sound—perhaps  
She slumber'd there : still, very still she sate—  
One hand upon her Bible lay, and one  
Beside her hung—hung motionless. A strange  
And sudden chill, a shudd'ring of sick fear,  
Came o'er him : with quick, trembling voice, he cried,  
“ Mother ! awake, my mother ! 'tis thy son ! ”  
She wak'd no more,—she slept the sleep of death—  
A calm and blessed death—soft as the sleep  
Of infancy. Amid that deep repose,  
The solemn stillness of that fixed brow,  
No trace of pain was left—there was no grief,  
No terror there : and when her son had shed  
The first fond bitter tears that nature claims,  
With calm, yea, e'en with thankful heart, he knelt

And prais'd his God that she was with the blest.  
So peacefully her spirit pass'd to heav'n.

Thus Fancy tells her tales : then Memory wakes  
With all the shapes that on her bidding wait,  
And animate her landscapes. First come back  
Dream-like remembrances, dim, shadowy traces  
From childhood's days, when first the soul awoke—  
First felt the inward stirrings of the sense  
Of pleasantness and beauty, and we look'd  
With wonder and with joy on this fair earth.  
Oft has that shore beheld our hours of gladness,  
Inventions manifold, and sports that ap'd  
The seriousness of life, and to our minds  
Seem'd great and weighty as a kingdom's cares.  
Oft in that garden have we learn'd to taste  
The self-complacent joys of industry,  
While, with proud hands, we lent our little aid  
To plant the colonies of nursling flow'rs,  
And shade with boughs, and feed with grateful dews,

And watch their growth with eyes that well-nigh wept,  
To see them droop. That garden—what a train  
Of pleasant images its name awakes,  
Till thought, confus'd amid their numbers, knows not  
Which to pronounce most fair. How fair the morn,  
When the gay brightness of the youthful day  
Lit up each tearful bud and spangled blade  
With gem-like beauty—when the light-wing'd breeze  
Woo'd forth the sleeping odours, and the air  
Was rich with dewy fragrance ; then how clear,  
How cool, how deep, the mountain shadows slept  
On the still lake—how soft th' aerial mist,  
Whose skirts, ascending, linger'd on the heights.  
How fair, amid the hush'd repose of noon,  
When earth lay basking in the breathless glow,  
While in the shade we sat, and on our ears  
The distant rush of Swarthbeck's headlong fall  
Came soft and soothingly—came, too, the bleat  
Of some stray lamb, forsaken of the flock,  
And from the firs which skirt the neighbouring bay

Low murmurings of her plaintive voice disclos'd  
The dove's hid dwelling. Then how fair at eve,  
When, as the glory faded from the west,  
Swarth's rugged breast gave back the hues of heav'n,  
And the rich purple of the soften'd glow  
Blush'd on the bosom of the heaving lake.  
How lovely, too, the nights of autumn, when  
The moon in harvest splendour walk'd, and pour'd  
The broad full flood on the scarce trembling wave.  
How bright the wint'ry heav'ns, profusely set  
With gems of living light, whose restless beams  
Intensely quiver'd through the frosty air :  
Then oft would some kind voice direct the eye  
To name, and cluster into families  
The shining multitudes—would mark where glow'd  
Orion's fiery belt—the Pleiades  
Mingled their sister rays—and lead the mind  
Some easy steps along th' ascending path  
Where science loves to soar, and find no bound ;  
Still closing all by pointing to the Hand

Which hung those worlds in air, and bade them know,  
Through space their trackless pathways, and return  
With the returning seasons, and still bear  
To ev'ry land the universal voice—  
Creation's tribute to her Maker's praise.

Thus fair the outward scene—nor pleasant less  
Th' interior of those walls—nor less the charm  
Which waited on the fireside's social hour ;  
When mutual minds in converse met, or held  
Communion with the minds of other days.  
How many a book there first unroll'd its stores,  
Bright with th' enchanting hues of novelty.  
There first we wandered with Ulysses' son—  
With later trav'lers dar'd the blasts of death,  
That sweep Arabia's fiery sands ; or stood  
Where Egypt's awful wrecks of grandeur lie,  
The giant fragments of a mightier world.  
There, mournful Young, amid sepulchral gloom,  
Led us with thoughtful steps : there, Cowper shed



O'er each familiar scene, and home-born joy,  
That charm of heart—that playful tenderness  
His pen alone could give ; or spoke like one  
Cloth'd with the dignity of truth, who drank  
Pure inspiration from the founts of heav'n.

Memorials such as these, and, more than all,  
Still mingling with them all, and the chief charm  
Lending to all, the cherish'd thought of those  
Who made that dwelling what it was ; whose love,  
Well-nigh maternal, with kind hand prepar'd,  
And join'd in each delight ; and whether rose  
The jocund laugh, and fancy's playful strife,  
Or tales of other times, and elder days  
The pleas'd attention claim'd ; or graver themes  
Call'd forth the deeper feelings of the soul,  
Still shar'd, and sharing, heighten'd ev'ry joy—  
Such records, Old Church ! still shall keep thy name  
Grav'n on the tablets of a grateful heart.

## TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

How beautiful thou art, thou star  
Of Jove ! I hail thee from afar,  
And a strange gush of deep delight  
Fills all my spirit at the sight.  
With what a regal glory crown'd  
Thou look'st in thy blue radiance round !  
To none save thee in the wide heav'n  
Is such supreme dominion giv'n ;  
A splendour so serenely bright,  
Such calm magnificence of light.  
The twinkling myriads round thee seem  
To glitter with unquiet beam—  
Like to a flame that wav'ring burneth—  
Like to a wheel that ceaseless turneth—

Like founts whose salient waters play  
In a revolving cloud of spray—  
While still for ever and for ever  
The sparkling foam-drops flash and quiver.

But thou art like some lovely lake,  
Where the blue heav'ns come down to make  
Their home of beauty and of rest  
Deep in the smooth wave's placid breast,  
Till scarce we know which most we love,  
The heav'n below or heav'n above.

To us the sun is set ; but thou,  
With thy clear eye behold'st him now ;  
On him thy steadfast gaze is bent  
So deeply, fervidly intent,  
That thou drink'st in the living streams,  
The effluence of his glorious beams ;  
And in thy mirror'd light we see  
How excellent *his* light must be.

Methinks, bright star, thou bring'st to view  
An emblem, beautiful as true ;  
Oh happy they, like thee, who raise  
The eye of faith in upward gaze ;  
With calm intensity of love  
Their steadfast spirit soars above ;  
Their thoughts in holy rapture dwell  
On Him, the great Invisible ;  
They cannot—will not—thence depart  
Till heav'n descends upon their heart ;  
To them a presence and a power  
Celestial gilds the lonely hour :  
E'en now they seem to mortal sight  
Irradiate with angelic light ;  
God's impress on their soul doth shine,  
The seal and signature divine.

TO JANET MARY,

ON HER FIRST NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1830.

THE welcome of the opening year  
To thee, thou darling stranger here,  
Thou morning-beam of promise, come  
To shed new brightness o'er our home—  
Whose bud of being 'gins to ope  
Its folded leaves of joy and hope—  
Who look'st around with asking gaze,  
Fix'd between pleasure and amaze,  
While o'er thy face, as o'er a glass,  
Dim twilight meanings wand'ring pass ;  
Some fresh discovery on thee breaking,  
Some new strange sense to life awaking,

Thy struggling thoughts for utterance seeking,  
Thy gestures eloquently speaking,  
While laughs thine eye with native mirth,  
Or love's instinctive smile has birth.

To us some graver, sadder thought  
By the returning year is brought ;  
Dark visions of the mis-spent past,  
Reproachful looks of warning cast,  
And conscience, with awak'ning start,  
Rouses to vigilance the heart.  
But thou, sweet babe ! what canst thou know  
Of this strange scene of joy and woe,  
This motley world, this mingled strife  
Of good and ill, which we call life ?  
A father's proud and pleased caress,  
A mother's joyful tenderness,  
The smiles of gladness that appear  
On every face when thou art near,

Th' endearing tone, the gentle sound,  
As yet thine infant sense surround ;  
And all thou know'st of life is this—  
Its peace, its tenderness, its bliss.  
Can life be always such, and wear  
Still the same aspect calm and fair ?  
Can future years glide gently by,  
Nor cast one cloud o'er pleasure's sky,  
Nor shade with sadd'ning thought that brow  
So pure, so clear, so tranquil now ?  
Vain wẽre the hope—not such for thee  
Shall our presumptuous wishes be.  
We know that he who reigns above,  
“ Whose nature and whose name is Love,”  
Ordains in His omniscient will  
That good shall flow from seeming ill.  
His mercy veils her gracious form  
In robes of darkness and of storm,  
And in the thickest clouds of woe  
He sets His covenanted bow.

Ours, then, the Christian's hope and prayer,  
That an All-wise, All-mighty care—  
Which errs not, fails not, changes not—  
May guide and bless thy future lot ;  
Thy hope, thy strength, thy Saviour be,  
Thy portion through eternity !



MEEKLY BRIGHT.

[For Music.]

MEEKLY bright her downcast eye,

Meekly bright—

And the blue orb dewily

Swam in light.

Soft and low her accents fell,

Soft and low—

Full of love their sighing swell,

Full of woe.

Sadly sweet her parting smile—

Sadly sweet—

And my fainting heart the while

Ceas'd to beat.

Blest, yet brief, those moments flew—

Blest, yet brief—

All the depths of joy we knew,

All of grief.

Ours the love of those whose heart

Changes never—

Ours the pang of those who part,

Part for ever.

## POLISH WAR SONG,

*January 1831.*

WAVE ye the banner of Poland, wave !

And the sunbeam of victory shine on the brave !

'Tis not for glory, 'tis not for fame,

For the hollow pomp of the conqueror's name,

'Tis not for these ye gird you with might,

'Tis for your country, your homes, ye fight.

Fight for the joys of the peaceful hearth ;

For the sacred soil of your mother earth ;

Fight for the wives that have round ye clung

With prayers half chok'd on the faltering tongue ;

Fight for the babes whose innocent kiss

Thrills through your hearts with a father's bliss ;

Fight with nerv'd arm and dauntless might,  
For your lofty birth-right of freedom fight.

Wave ye the banner of Poland, wave !  
And the sunbeam of victory shine on the brave !

Thou, of fell despots the helpless prey,  
Whose name from the nations hath pass'd away,  
Who hast lain so low that the iron tread  
Hath trampled to earth thy desolate head,  
Shake off the dust from thy queenly brow,  
Rise in the glory of freedom now !  
Yea, in the strength of thy right be strong ;  
Fling back on th' oppressor his deep-dy'd wrong.  
Go forth, and the arm of thy foes shall fail,  
And the heart of the tyrant before thee quail.

Wave ye the banner of Poland, wave !  
And the sunbeam of victory shine on the brave !

## NONSENSE.

---

“ Good nonsense is an exquisite thing.”

MARRIAGE.

---

NONSENSE ! thou delicious thing,  
Thought and feeling's effervescence,  
Like the bubbles from a spring,  
In their sparkling evanescence ;  
Thou, the child of sport and play,  
When the brain keeps holiday,  
When old gravity and reason  
Are dismiss'd as out of season,  
And imagination seizes  
The dominion while she pleases—  
Though to praise thee can't be right,  
Yet, Nonsense ! thou art exquisite !

When for long and weary hours  
    We have sat with patient faces,  
Tasking our exhausted pow'rs,  
    To utter wise old common places ;  
Hearing and repeating too,  
Things unquestionably true,  
Maxims which there's no denying,  
Facts to which there's no replying ;  
Then how often have we said,  
With tir'd brain and aching head,  
" Sense may be all true and right—  
But, Nonsense ! thou art exquisite !"

When we close the fireside round,  
    When young hearts with joy are brimming,  
While gay laughing voices sound,  
    And eyes with dewy mirth are swimming,  
In the free and fearless sense  
Of friendship's fullest confidence,

Pleasant then, without a check  
To lay the reins on fancy's neck,  
And let her wild caprices vary  
Through many a frolicsome vagary,  
Exclaiming still, in gay delight,  
“Oh, Nonsense ! thou art exquisite !”

ON HEARING GEORGE ASPULL PRAISED,

*November, 1830.*

YES, richly gifted as thou art,

I can but pity thee ;

Though nature's hand have touch'd thy heart,

And tun'd to harmony—

Though music haunt thee with her spell,

And melody within thee dwell.

Each bright and fugitive delight,

Each airy birth of sound,

Wak'd by thy winged fingers' flight,

Obedient hovers round ;

A fairy minstrelsy, that seems

Meet for wild fancy's sweetest dreams.



And nature still her story tells,  
    Upon that young fair face ;  
And still upon that brow there dwells  
    A shy, ingenuous grace ;  
And in that calm, yet kindling eye  
The hidden fires of genius lie.

Yes—thou art gifted—yet, alas !  
    That o'er thine early days  
The sullyng breath of praise must pass,  
    Of loud and common praise ;  
Praise such as wounds the tortur'd ear,  
And seems the shrinking heart to sear.

I listen'd with a sick'ning sense  
    Of quick, indignant shame,  
Humbled beneath the impotence  
    Of that degrading fame ;  
I listen'd, and I sigh'd for thee,  
That such should be thy destiny !

## EVENING.

*July 29, 1831.*

THE sweet—the calm—the solemn hour !  
How does the heart confess its pow'r !  
Long since the sun hath set ; yet still  
A radiance lingers round yon hill ;  
A glory still delights to rest  
In those bright regions of the West ;  
But faint and fainter, till its hue  
Blends with the pure transparent blue.  
Few clouds are in the heav'ns, and they  
Are still, as pausing on their way ;  
Self-pois'd, and silent, and serene,  
The guardian spirits of the scene.

All darkly outlin'd on the skies,  
In shadowy gloom the mountains rise ;  
Unearthly things they seem to be,  
Seen in their dim solemnity.  
The very trees, where not a bough  
Is wav'd, nor leaf is trembling now,  
With strange vague awe the mind impress,  
So breathless they—so motionless.

Oh, who would break, by voice or sound,  
The sacred silence brooding round ;  
Or who, with heart untouch'd, intrude  
On nature's rapt and awful mood ?  
Ah ! surely not in vain is sent  
An hour thus mutely eloquent ;  
Surely a mighty Pow'r is near—  
Surely our God is present here !  
Oh, Thou that fill'st immensity,  
The silence, Lord ! doth worship Thee !

## GOOD-MORROW TO JANET MARY.

*January, 1831.*

COME, thou thing of life and light,  
Come with kisses—come with smiles ;  
With thy sallies of delight,  
Freaks, and fantasies, and wiles ;  
With thy thousand winning arts,  
Welcome, thou delight of hearts !

Come, and let me feel thee fling  
Round me that caressing arm ;  
Closer yet, and closer cling  
With that grasp so fond and warm ;  
Then, in pretty sportive fear,  
Hide thy face, and nestle here.

Look around thee—all is love ;  
    Freely climb the offer'd knee ;  
Ev'ry hand for thee will move ;  
    Ev'ry heart has room for thee ;  
Nought shall check thy guileless sense  
Of undoubting confidence.

Earth hath not a gladder light  
    Than the sunshine of thine eye ;  
And no music of delight  
    Echoes like thy joyous cry ;  
Vainly striving to express  
Thine o'erflowing blithesomeness.

Surely in thy heart must lie  
    Some hid fount of in-born joy,  
Which no stream of sullen dye  
    Taints, as yet, with dark alloy ;  
Thence these sparkling waters flow,  
Nor one break of sadness know.

Gladsome creature ! I may ne'er

Pay thee back with smiles like thine :

Many a thought has harbour'd here,

Many a graver year been mine,

Since I look'd on life as thou,

Child of joy ! behold'st it now.

Yet content thee to receive

All my heart has stor'd for thee ;

Fervent wishes it can give,

Thoughts of fond sincerity ;

May thy course in joy be run—

Blessings on thee—precious one !

TO ———.

OFT on beauty's charms we gaze  
With a cold and careless praise ;  
Cheeks with rosy freshness bright,  
Eyes that beam with dazzling light,  
Lofty brow, and stately mien,  
Form that might beseem a queen—  
Oft on these we turn our eyes—  
Look, admire, and criticise.

Maiden ! when on thee we gaze,  
'Tis with something more than praise ;  
Far, how far ! all praise above—  
'Tis with true and tender love ;

And when turn the thoughts to thee,

'Tis to bless thee silently.

Nature's first fresh feelings warm

Play around that fairy form ;

'Tis her artless thoughts that speak

On that finely moulded cheek ;

'Tis the heart which gives its grace

To that sweet and lovely face ;

'Tis the pure and placid mind

Dwells in that fair brow enshrin'd.

But how ill may words express

All the soul of gentleness,

All the tender thought that lies

In those softly-smiling eyes ;

Now with guileless pleasure bright—

Now suffused with dewy light—

Downcast now, and well-nigh hid

By the meek and long-fringed lid—

Maiden, when we gaze on thee,

'Tis to bless thee silently !



Surely we can need no art,  
But the instinct of the heart  
Boldly to foretell for thee  
Woman's happiest destiny.  
For the tranquil pleasures made  
Of the calm domestic shade—  
Made to gladden and delight,  
Soothe the heart, and charm the sight—  
Made to cheer each sadder hour  
With a soft and healing power—  
Made thy happy home to bless,  
With thy playful tenderness—  
Loving and beloved to be,  
Such thy happy destiny !  
Maiden, thus we gaze on thee,  
Gaze, and bless thee silently !

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN WILLIAM,  
AND HIS SISTER.

*August 1831.*

How oft, sweet children ! are ye brought  
By fancy to the eye of thought !  
Thou first, whose active feats express  
The dawn of native manliness ;  
Thy boyish nature leaping out  
In the bold step and frolic shout ;  
While yet in that soft eye of thine  
There dwells a spirit more **benign** ;

With smiles, half bashfulness, half joy,  
So coyly sweet, and sweetly coy ;  
And looks of shy, yet playful grace  
Dimpling that half-averted face.  
Nor less, sweet babe ! hast thou thy part  
In the fond memory of the heart.  
For thou hast many arts to move  
And charm each secret spring of love.  
The beauty of the summer skies  
Has settled in those soft blue eyes ;  
The morning's first, faint rosy streak  
Has ting'd with red that velvet cheek.  
And in that placid face we see  
The charm of infant dignity ;  
The sweet serenity of soul,  
Where yet no waves of passion roll ;  
The calmness of the heart that seems  
To dwell amid its own pure dreams,  
And which, as yet, of life has proved  
But this—to love, and to be loved.

Yes, oft before my mental eye  
Ye pass like fairy visions by ;  
But most does thought recall the sight  
Witness'd one well-remembered night.  
The boy beside the nurse's feet  
Had ta'en that eve his lowly seat,  
Calm and contemplative of mien,  
With smile so cloudlessly serene,  
And upturn'd look, that sought reply  
In that sweet infant sister's eye.  
With air of pleased, protecting love,  
And conscious dignity, he strove,  
By oft-repeated word, to teach  
The just-learn'd mysteries of speech.  
Still mingling with his lore the while  
The sweeter speech of look and smile,  
The joyous laugh, the fond caress,  
The name of lisping tenderness.  
And she, with answering love and glee,  
Half leaping from the nurse's knee,

As though another smile to claim ;  
While through her trembling, panting frame  
Her little heart so spake and stirr'd,  
That every gesture was a word.  
Her eyes with laughing lustre glancing,  
Her limbs all bounding, quiv'ring, dancing,  
In joy that knew nor bound nor measure,  
A restless ecstasy of pleasure.

Oh ! who could gaze upon the sight,  
Nor bless you with a deep delight ;  
And fondly pray that love like this  
Might crown your after life with bliss !  
Full soon will passing years efface  
The fleeting charms of infant grace ;  
And oft too soon will time destroy  
Youth's airy buoyancy of joy.  
But love is a diviner thing,  
Unchanging, and unperishing.

The purest relic left to tell  
Of that blest state from which we fell ;  
A foretaste of the joys above,  
And sent from God—for God is love.

## MUSIC.

MUSIC, thou breath of heav'n!

Where dost thou make thy dwelling? what blest spot

For thine abode is giv'n?

Or rather, breath of heav'n! where dwell'st thou not?

Where the first breath of life

Stirs with soft tremblings Spring's young budding leaves,

And where the tempest-strife,

With crashing sweep th' Autumnal forest heaves:

Where gentle streams glide by,

Soothing, with rippling song, their lonely path;

Where ocean lifts on high

The awful voice of his majestic wrath:

Where morn's light breeze first shakes  
The quiv'ring dew-drop from the violet's eye ;

Where the dark cypress makes  
Low sullen answers to the night-wind's sigh :

Where on the startled ear  
Rolls the deep thunder with redoubling swell ;  
And where we stoop to hear  
Th' imprison'd murmurs of the sea-born shell :

Still thou art there, thou voice  
Of universal nature ! earth and air  
In thy glad sway rejoice,  
Wide ocean's waste we seek, and thou art there.

Yes, to the thoughtful eye  
'This breathing earth is all one mighty lyre,  
Where airs of heaven sweep by,  
And each hid chord with vocal life inspire.



Not idly floats along

The airy echo of each wand'ring tone ;

The full-voic'd choral song

Bears earth's glad tribute to her Maker's throne.

Nor idly let us dwell

On nature's harmonies, which round us blend ;

Be our's that strain to swell,

And, touch'd by heaven, with them to heaven ascend.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SEA.

1831.

THE sea—the sea—the murm'ring sea ! I hear its awful  
voice,

And with a deep and solemn joy my spirit doth rejoice ;  
Exulting in its pride of strength it flashes on the shore,  
The gather'd might of ages speaks in its majestic roar.

The sea—the sea—the glorious sea ! It bursts upon mine  
eyes,

In all its heaving boundlessness outstretch'd to view it lies ;  
And breathlessly I gaze upon its flood of dazzling light,  
In ecstasy of speechless joy, and passionate delight.

Oh yet again—oh yet again—that sea-born gale upsprings ;  
I drink its free and living breath ; I feel its fresh'ning  
wings ;

Oh, yet again I see the sun sink glorious to repose,  
And gorgeously the western deep with mirror'd splendour  
glows.

The sea—the solemn-sounding sea ! Oh, what a world of  
thought

By thee, with strange and sudden, pow'r, o'er my full heart  
is brought :

What moods and musings of my mind trac'd on thy waves  
I see—

The annals of my inmost soul seem chronicled on thee.

And oh ! what sad sweet memories are pressing on me yet,  
Of those I may not now behold, but never may forget ;  
Of happy days that once have been, and never more  
may be—

Oh, pass away, nor haunt me still, thou mournful-sounding  
sea !

## TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

I ASK no words—no soft low words,  
Like the spring gale's first sigh,  
To make my spirit's inmost chords  
Thrill tremblingly.

I ask no look—no silent look,  
Tender, and fond, and deep ;  
Like those which still in memory's book  
Their place will keep.

I ask no line—no written line,  
For friendship's hand to fill,  
By which thy absent soul, with mine  
May commune still.

Dear are such signs to those who fear  
That they can be forgot ;  
And I, too, own them dear, most dear—  
Yet need them not.

No signs those faithful instincts need,  
By which I feel thee mine ;  
And in my own true heart can read  
The love of thine.

## THE SWEET SPRING DAY.

THE sweet spring day, the sweet spring day,

So soft, so bright,

Gladdens the pulse's quicken'd play,

And breathes delight.

I feel her breath—her smile I see,

Calm, sunny, clear—

Alas ! why seems it dark to me ?

Thou art not here !

The glad gay note, the glad gay note

Rings through the grove ;

On ev'ry breeze sweet warblings float—

All joy, all love.

That ringing note, that joyous lay,

Wound my sad ear ;

To me they only seem to say,

Thou art not here.

The op'ning flower, the op'ning flower,

Fresh, fragrant, fair,

Awakes to breathe, its brief glad hour,

The balmy air.

That flower—why bids it o'er me steal

The blinding tear ?

I only see, I only feel,

Thou art not here !

## LINES,

SUGGESTED BY AN AIR OF BEETHOVEN'S.

SIT down by me, beloved,

List to yon strain with me ;

And think, the while thou hear'st it,

'Tis my voice that speaks to thee.

My lip is mute, beloved,

And my speech hath little art ;

And my voice is never eloquent

When deep thoughts are in my heart.

For there is much within us,

All pow'r of speech above ;

And methinks they love but feebly

Who can say how much they love.



But now that wild sweet melody

With some strange charm seems fraught,

To wake to life and utterance

Each coy and silent thought.

How soft—how calm—how tender,

That touching cadence fell ;

And what a world of trusting love

Breath'd in that long low swell.

Like some clear mountain river

The stream of music flows ;

With its gleams of sunny brightness,

And its depths of cool repose.

No storms of fervid passion

Its tranquil current move ;

'Tis the deep and heartfelt blessedness

Of a calm and hallow'd love.

And now how light—how airy,  
Those joyous notes arise ;  
Like the skylark's rapturous warble,  
As it mingles with the skies.

But ah ! that soft sweet burthen,  
That trusting, loving strain ;  
How fondly, how persistingly,  
Its tones come back again.

A thousand cherish'd memories  
Are waken'd by the song ;  
A thousand lovely images  
On the eye of fancy throng.

There are pleasant ivied arbours,  
And banks of sweet spring flowers,  
And wild, free mountain rambles,  
And happy fireside hours :

And there are thoughtful gazings

On starry midnight skies ;

And the silence of deep rapture,

Which knows no speech but sighs.

But I weary thee, beloved,

With these fond and foolish themes ;

And I may not further wander

In this fairy land of dreams.

Yet when sad days of parting come,

When we no more are nigh ;

When the voice of love we hear not,

Nor meet the answering eye :

Then listen to this melody,

Which thou hast heard with me ;

And think, the while thou hear'st it,

'Tis my voice that speaks to thee.

## MANIAC'S SONG.

SING to me then, sing to me then,  
And I will weep ;  
These aching, burning eyes once more  
Cool tears will steep.

Sing to me then, sing to me then,  
And I will sigh ;  
And then this head will cease to throb  
So burstingly.

Sing to me then, sing to me then,  
And I shall feel ;  
And then this heart will cease to be  
Like glowing steel.

Comfort me not, nor talk of rest,

Nor bid me sleep—

Only, I pray thee, sing to me,

And let me weep.

Bid me not leave this cold damp earth,

Where now I lie ;

Only, I pray thee, sing to me,

And let me die.

TRANSLATION OF MANZONI'S ODE,

En Morte di Napoleone,

*"Il Cinque Maggio."*

His name is with the past—

He is no more !—

As, mute, and still, and motionless,

The last dread struggle o'er,

In its long slumber lay

The cast-off robe of clay,

Forsaken now, untenanted,

That master-spirit fled,

Ev'n thus with startled ear,

And pause that check'd the breath,

Did earth stand still to hear

The messenger of death—

Picturing what those last hours might be

Of him, the man of destiny—

And questioning if e'er  
Her blood-bestained dust should bear  
The burthen of a tread  
Like his, ~~the~~ mighty dead.

Upon his throne of splendour,  
While thousands paid him suit,  
My muse beheld him sceptred,  
Beheld him, and was mute.

She mingled not among  
The loud and emulous throng.  
Pure from the venal breath of fame,  
The homage of the slave ;  
And from the vile and coward blame  
Which stabs the fallen brave,  
She rises, now this meteor  
Hath vanish'd from the sky,  
And pours upon the winds a song,  
Perchance not doom'd to die.

The Alps unto the Pyramids

Gave back the conqueror's name,  
From the Rhine unto the Mansanar

The blast of triumph came.

You could not see the lightning play

Ere the hot bolt leapt forth to slay.

Where Tanais flows, where Scylla

Doth welter restlessly,

Burst the tempest in its fury,

It swept from sea to sea.

And did the conqueror justly claim

The immortality of fame?

Be thou the judge, posterity!

Enough for us, with suppliant brow,

Before th' Omnipotent to bow,

Who bade this giant spirit be,

And stamp'd the impress, vast and bright,

Of His creative might.



'Twas his to know the tremulous  
     And stormy joy of soul,  
 The stirring of a vast design  
     When an empire is its goal ;  
 The fever of the heart, where still  
 Th' ungovernable pulses thrill,  
 As it springs to reach the prize  
     E'en with a giant's scope,  
 Springs—reaches it—and holds  
     What madness dared not hope ;  
 Yes—all were his—the glory,  
     By peril made more bright ;  
 The victory his, and his  
     The terrors of the flight ;  
 And the pomp of palace-halls,  
     And the exile's prison lone,  
 Twice to the dust cast headlong,  
     Twice on the throne.

His name was heard—two centuries,

Array'd in arm'd debate,

Turn'd unto him submissively,

And ask'd of him their fate.

There was a silence round while he

Sate arbiter of destiny.

He vanished, and 'twas his to close

In narrow space his ling'ring days,

'Mid the forc'd languor of repose,

The object for each idle gaze,

The mark for envy measureless,

For pity's deepest thrill,

For hate the quenchless and the strong,

And love unconquer'd still.

As o'er the shipwreck'd mariner

Rolls the wave with heavy sweep,

And bears him down relentlessly

Into the unfathom'd deep,—

That wave, across whose smooth expanse  
 But now the wretch, with lofty glance,  
 Look'd forth, intent t' explore,  
 With search, how vain ! the distant shore—  
 E'en thus on him, so mighty once  
     And now so desolate,  
 The gather'd load of memory fell,  
     The burthen and the weight.  
 How often for the unborn age  
     The mighty tale he plann'd,  
 How oft upon th' eternal page  
     Fell prone the weary hand !

How oft, as died in silence  
     The slow and stagnant day,  
 With folded arms, and eyes  
     Of quench'd and downcast ray,  
 He stood—and all the past  
 Came o'er him like a blast.

All were there—the moving tent,  
And the bulwark storm'd and rent,  
And the sword with lightning flash,  
And the cannon's thunder-crash ;  
And again in eddy waves  
    The tide of horse swept by,  
And armies rush'd to battle  
    At the bidding of his eye.

Alas ! perchance his spirit  
    From this fierce torture shrank,  
Perchance beneath its burthen  
    Despairingly it sank ;  
But a hand of heav'nly power  
Came o'er him in his fainting hour ;  
Round him breath'd celestial air,  
Led him, through hope's pathways fair,  
To the joys that thought conceives not,  
    Beside the living stream,  
Where the glory of this passing world  
    Is a shadow and a dream.

Thou bright and blest and beautiful,  
 All-conquering faith ' for thee  
 Among thy many triumphs, this  
 An added crown shall be.  
 Rejoice—for ne'er did haughtier brow  
 Unto the shame of Calvary bow.  
 Bid from his weary ashes flee  
 Each dark reproach, and say, that He  
 Who casts to earth, and raises thence the soul,  
 Who woundeth and whose hands make whole,  
 Did spread for him, upon the desert's breast,  
 A couch of rest.

## LOCH LEVEN.

CASTLE and lake of Leven ! Mary's lake !  
For 'tis of her all speaks—and for her sake  
Th' expanse of waters, with the meadowy plains  
And gentle slope of mountain—the remains  
Of that old island castle, to the heart  
Are eloquent of pity—ev'ry part  
Bears the sad chronicle of Mary's fate,  
The crown'd, the beautiful, the desolate !  
But lately in the palace-halls we stood,  
The kingly chambers of proud Holyrood ;  
There, too, the pow'r of Mary's name was felt—  
In each deserted room her presence dwelt.

But there we pictur'd her a queenly bride,  
With love, and hope, and joy around ; in pride  
Of youthful loveliness she stood, and laid  
Her soft hand on the rugged sceptre, made  
For the mail'd grasp of warriors ; and awhile  
A haughty nation waited on her smile,  
And steel-clad barons bow'd the sturdy knee,  
While beauty claim'd her rights from chivalry.  
True, there were pangs within that palace ; there  
Rang frenzied shrieks of anguish and despair  
On one dark night of murder—yes, there dwell  
Sad records in those walls—but who shall tell  
How much of guilt was mingled with their woe ?  
Meek pity veils her eyes, and dares not seek to know.  
Here 'tis a tale of suff'ring—censure here  
Is mute ; nor justice lifts a voice severe  
Against th' oppress't—the fallen : here the hours  
Of slow captivity dragg'd on their length,  
Wasting the life, and with'ring all the powers  
Of the worn spirit ; in this tow'r of strength

The prison'd Mary sate, with weary eyes,  
Watching the floating clouds, the set and rise  
Of many a sun, whose beams no gladness sent  
Through the barr'd gloom of her imprisonment.  
There list'ning oft, some sound of hope to hear,  
The breeze's sullen sigh would meet her ear :  
Or the slow waves, with melancholy beat,  
The song of her captivity repeat.  
Here might the dark, wild visions of the past,  
Their shadowy horrors o'er her spirit cast ;  
And wakeful conscience wreak her vengeful mood  
On the long hours of prison solitude ;  
Here vain regret might shed the fruitless tear,  
And baffled hope oft sicken into fear.  
Her rank, her proud pre-eminence of lot  
Fades from the memory here—all is forgot,  
Save that she suffered—oh ! unfailing tie—  
Sure link of universal sympathy !  
Man, born to sorrow, feels a kindred claim,  
A bond of union in the very name



Of sorrow—by this pow'r the distant year

Of the dim past seems present ; and a dear,

A sacred charm o'er ev'ry scene is shed,

Where human eyes have wept—where human hearts have  
bled.

LINES WRITTEN ON LOCH TAY,

1830.

THERE'S beauty in the sky above—there's beauty all  
around ;

With beauty's sternest, wildest grace, the mountain brow  
is crown'd ;

There's beauty in the bow'ry glades and leafy arch of  
wood,

And where the diamond sparkles dance upon the restless  
flood.

There's music in the voice of streams, that clear as crystal  
gush,

There's music in the trickling rill, and torrents' hoarser  
rush ;

There's music where the breeze goes by, to stir the forest  
deep,

Where whispering sigh and murmur'd roar make answer  
to its sweep. ~

There's gladness in the sunny smile that lights the face  
of earth,

That makes each quicken'd life-pulse beat, and wakes  
each heart to mirth ;

There's gladness in the mountain air, as joyously it springs,  
And o'er the freshen'd spirit waves its free exulting  
wings.

Yes ; beauty, music, gladness meet around me on my way,

And yet my thoughts are wand'ring still—my heart is far  
away ;

'Tis in a chamber of the sick, within whose quiet shade

A couch of patient pain is spread—a much-lov'd sufferer  
laid.

Wert thou but here, wert thou but here, mine own  
belov'd! to share

The beauty of the mountain scene—the blessing of the air!

Alas! amid the joys of ease, and health's gay vigorous  
pow'rs,

How mournful seem thy days of pain, and long-imprison'd  
hours.

Yet, while I think on thee, mine own! tho' nature deeply  
feels,

A pensive calm of tender joy o'er all my spirit steals:

Around thy couch of pain I see a holy radiance rest,

And hear a voice of heav'n pronounce thy days of  
suff'ring blest!

## LINES WRITTEN ON LOCH LOMOND.

OVER the waters ! away—away !  
Softly, yet fresh the breezes play ;  
The sunbeams are sparkling like diamonds bright,  
And each dancing ripple is tipp'd with light.  
Lightly the oar its surface cleaves,  
And the silvery track of its brightness leaves.  
Gaily and gallantly on we ride,  
Borne on the breast of the heaving tide :  
And the breezes are speeding us on our way,  
Over the waters ! away !—away !

Over the waters ! how soft and deep  
The mirror'd calm of their glassy sleep !

How fair, in their mingling beauty, lie  
The freshness of earth, and the glories of sky ;  
How bright, 'mid the bow'ry grove, looks through  
The sunny smile of the ether blue.

And sweet, for a while, our course to stay  
In th' enchanted calm of the placid bay ;  
And, with lifted oar and moveless boat,  
'Mid the liquid plains of sky to float.

Over the waters ! how oft before  
Has the wave been cut by the dashing oar ;  
How oft has the breath of the summer gale  
Fill'd the white folds of the swelling sail ;  
How oft has the gaze of mute delight  
Dwelt on the charms of the lovely sight ;  
And the youthful heart, in its fearless glee,  
Has danc'd o'er the waters joyously.  
Where are they now ? Their race is o'er,  
Nor sunbeam nor breeze shall wake them more.

E'en on the waters, we may not flee  
Some records of man's mortality.  
Oft, in the breast of this peaceful wave  
Have the gay and the thoughtless ones found a grave.  
Here has the young and the fearless died,  
Chok'd in the grasp of the strangling tide ;  
Here has the lovely gone down in her bloom,  
While the tempest has rung the knell of her doom.  
Let us move with thoughtful hearts, and slow,  
For the brave and the lovely sleep below.

Over the waters ! but see ! the sweep  
Of the rising gale has curl'd the deep ;  
The threat'ning clouds are gath'ring dark,  
And the skies frown fierce on our helpless bark.  
No lingering now of fond delay,  
Make for the haven ! away—away !  
The angry billows behind us roar,  
And the snowy surf lies thick on the shore.

Make for the haven ! and now more near  
Its sheltering arms of rock appear ;  
And now the perilous point is past,  
And safely we reach the port at last.

Over the waters ! ev'n thus we glide  
O'er the waters of time—over life's swift tide ;  
And thus full oft round our early way  
Blows the soft breeze, the bright beams play.  
But soon the rain and the tempest come,  
The angry wave, and the threat'ning gloom.  
Whether sunshine or cloud shall be our's below,  
The calm or the tempest, there's none may know.  
Enough that a heav'nly hand will guide  
Our helpless bark o'er the perilous tide ;  
And we need not shrink from the stormiest blast,  
If it bear us on to our port at last.  
There, safe from the tempest of life to rest,  
In the haven of peace—in the home of the blest



LINES WRITTEN ON THE CLYDE, NEAR  
CRAWFORD.

A DREARY scene—the dull, unvaried sky  
One canopy of gloom ; while o'er th' expanse  
Of barren moorland, stretching wide and high  
Its desolation, far as eye can glance,  
Save by the moor-fowl's brood, untenanted,  
Drives the slant rain, the misty shroud is spread—  
Yet here may fancy find a charm ; and form  
Her visions 'mid the dimness of the storm,  
And people the waste solitude of plain,  
With shifting pageantry and shadowy train.  
Or, borrowing hope's anticipating eye,  
See future sunshine gild the clouded sky.

Yes, e'en these clouds, which weep themselves away,  
Sadd'ning the earth and dark'ning o'er the day,  
E'en these, upborne through fields of purer air,  
The glories of the firmament shall share,  
The rosy heralds of the morn shall be,  
Or weave the sunset's gorgeous canopy.  
Meet emblem they of human souls—as strange  
Our ever-varying moods, as swift their change.  
E'en thus full oft we stoop our flagging wing,  
Round earth-born aims with grov'ling wishes cling,  
And, sad with gloom, or worn with fruitless care,  
Scarce seek to reach a loftier, purer air—  
Yet in some happier hours, how gladly rise  
Our eager thoughts to commune with the skies ;  
Then light and joy, within around us rest,  
And peace, which passeth knowledge, fills the breast ;  
And o'er the calm of consecrated thought  
Some rays of heaven's own blessedness are brought.  
Alas ! how brief !—Yet there shall come a day,  
When, dropt the fetters of this human clay,

To its bless'd home the ransom'd soul shall soar,  
To sin, to err, to doubt, to mourn no more.  
Some we have seen to whom e'en here seem'd giv'n  
The tongue of angels and the speech of heav'n ;  
Their spirits kindled with as pure a flame  
As might have thrill'd a seraph's glowing frame ;  
An all-embracing love, as prompt to bless,  
As full of deep and holy tenderness,  
As that wherewith celestial bosoms burn  
To hail th' accepted penitent's return.  
Yes, such *have been*—such *are*—yet these are they  
Who pant with deepest longings for the day  
When they, from every stain of earth set free,  
Shall gain their glorious, sinless liberty ;  
Then, with no changeful beam, like that which plays  
Amid the floating cloud and wand'ring haze,  
But cloth'd with brightness, like the sun to shine—  
The sun of heav'n, which never knows decline.  
Thus in the city of their God to rest,  
Made in His likeness, with His presence blest.

## THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

ON to the fight, my son !

Thy mother bids thee go ;

My young, my brave, my only one !

I bid thee go.

Fight as thy father fought,

His spirit go with thee ;

Be thine the glorious prize he sought,

Conquer as he !

Lead forth thy noble band,

Thy country's glory be !

Oh proud is she who yields her land

A son like thee !

I will not weep, my son ;  
Strong is my woman's heart ;  
I will but gird thine armour on,  
Bless thee—and part.

Yes—I may bless thee still,  
Far though thy course may be ;  
One thought my inmost soul shall fill—  
Blessings on thee !

Blest, ever blest, be thou !  
Farewell—farewell—my son !—  
He goes—the pang is over now—  
Now he is gone !—

He's gone—he joins the fight—  
“ My beautiful, my brave ! ”—  
Ah ! how it presses on my sight,  
His bloody grave !

E'en thus his father went,  
Such the proud port he wore ;  
E'en such the parting smile he sent—  
He came no more !

And *I* have sent him forth—  
'Twas *I* that bade him part—  
My pride, my joy, my all on earth—  
Break now, my heart !

## AN EVENING WALK,

*September 24, 1829.*

AROUND us on our homeward way  
The dusky shades of ev'ning lay,  
And the starr'd heavens all cloudless shone  
Our else unlighted path upon.  
There wanted not a single gem  
To grace night's glowing diadem ;  
In cluster'd wreath of mingling rays,  
Or bright in solitary blaze :  
And, circling heaven as with a zone,  
That cloud of unknown worlds was thrown,  
Arch'd like the bow of many dyes,  
The star-paved pathway of the skies.

Methought, expanding to my view,  
Near and more near their glories drew ;  
Methought a smile of holy love  
Kindled each glowing orb above ;  
Methought they beckon'd to my soul,  
“ Lo, *here* thy country, here thy goal ;  
When, freed from earth, blest spirits come,  
By angels borne to this high home,  
The heav'nly spheres with gladness ring,  
The morning stars their welcome sing.”

But now the city's skirts more near  
Fring'd with their rows of lamps appear,  
Pleas'd I observ'd our dim-seen way  
Grow clear and obvious as by day,  
And pleas'd I mark'd the bright ranks run  
In gradual splendour lessening on.  
But, wearied soon, my looks repair  
Above—alas ! a change was there !



Faded and dim each lessening star  
Shrank back to its blue depths afar ;  
The portals of the opening skies  
Were clos'd upon my baffled eyes.  
Their holy lustre might not share  
Those meaner torches' earth-born glare ;  
Their jealous light might not endure  
To mingle with aught else less pure.  
More bright my earthly path might be,  
But ah ! the heavens were veil'd to me !  
Alas ! I thought, is this my choice ?  
This do I seek, in this rejoice ?  
For these poor lamps would I exchange  
The boundless skies' unfolded range ?  
Oh rather be all dark below,  
If but those rays above me glow ;  
Be none of earth's false lustre given,  
If thus it quench the light of heaven !

## A SUMMER SUNSET,

*June 1830.*

How softly steals along the heaven

The sunset's glowing hue,

Dappling with golden clouds of even,

The cool transparent blue :

Methinks it is the smiling light

In those dear eyes of thine,

Which lends a charm so softly bright

To pensive eve's decline.

How sweetly on the listening ear

The mingling concert swells ;

The child's gay laugh, the woodnote clear,

The chime of ev'ning bells :

Methinks it is thy sweet glad tone  
Which speaks the joy of ease,  
That lends a music all its own  
To nature's harmonies.

How does the spirit of the hour  
My musing soul possess,  
With all the full, deep, soothing pow'r  
Of silent happiness :  
Methinks it is the thought of thee,  
All precious as thou art,  
Which tunes each pulse to harmony,  
And fills with joy my heart.

ON A MOTHER, WHO HAD LOST HER  
ONLY DAUGHTER.

I SAW a wounded dove,  
With torn and shatter'd breast ;  
Gone was the nursling of her love,  
And desolate her nest.

But there were giv'n her wings  
That bore her through the sky,  
And, safe from all earth's sufferings,  
She built her nest on high.

I saw a flower that droop'd  
Its sad head to the ground ;  
Its fairest, freshest bud was cropp'd,  
The stem yet felt the wound.

But softly stealing then

Came down the dews of heav'n ;

The bruised plant was heal'd again,

New life, new fragrance giv'n.

I saw a mother's face—

One stricken and bereft ;

I look'd for sorrow's bitter trace,

Only the sweet was left.

I saw one who in dust

Had laid her treasure low ;

But heav'n, she knew, would guard the trust ;

What harm could reach it now ?

I saw one to whose eye

Life's sunniest smile was gone ;

But she knew that in a world on high

That smile more brightly shone.

I saw one to whose ear

Was mute earth's sweetest voice ;

But angels now that voice might hear

In songs of heav'n rejoice.

I saw one from whose heart

The silver chord was riv'n ;

But what if earth its links should part ?

They were knit fast in heav'n.

I saw one who had laid

Her lovely one at rest ;

Rest which no fears, no ills invade,

Her gracious shepherd's breast.

Oh who may truly know

The bitterness of tears,

Which from a mother's heart o'erflow

When for her child she fears !

Who knows the depth of prayer

Her trembling soul pours forth,

Beholding spread with many a snare

Her darling's path on earth ?

Then are not they the blest

Whose hearts need fear no more,

Whose precious ones are safe at rest

Upon the peaceful shore ?

There can no danger come,

No sin dominion hold ;

The child has reach'd its Father's home,

The lamb is in the fold.

## ON THE SAME.

OH! lovely to the gazer's sight, and to his heart most  
sweet,

To see the joyous infant group around their mother meet ;  
To listen to the artless speech of lips that know no guile,  
And catch the gleams of Paradise yet ling'ring in their  
smile.

And blest we deem that mother's lot around whose riper  
day

These creatures of the morning shed their own rejoicing  
ray ;

Who, in their tones of truth, forgets the hollow world of art,  
And in their youthful sports regains her own glad youth  
of heart.



The earliest lessons love can teach, in her soft eye are read ;  
The earliest, purest dews of grief in her fond bosom shed ;  
To her each new-found joy is brought, her ear delighted  
    bends,

When first to heav'n the incense-breath of lisp'ing prayer  
    ascends.

We seem to see her dwelling graced with beauty and with  
    bliss,

Which are but stranger visitants in such a world as this ;  
She tends the first fresh bloom of plants, like those of  
    Eden fair,

So fair, the heart can hardly think the spoiler has been  
    there.

But ah ! a sweeter, sadder charm around that mother  
    dwells,

Whose meek and patient eye the tale of silent suff'ring  
    tells ;

Whose bud of hope was snatch'd away, just op'ning on  
the sight,  
That fairer climes might see it spread its blossoms of  
delight.

With deeper tenderness the heart beholds her, as it thinks  
That she is bound to unseen worlds by stronger, holier  
links ;

A light has pass'd away from earth to make heav'n seem  
more fair,

Her home seems dearer when she knows her lost one waits  
her there.

To such, the cup of bitterness still yields a hidden balm,  
The storm of grief is follow'd still by airs of heav'nly  
calm ;

The blast which sweeps the cherish'd one from the fond  
clasp of love,

Gives wings to the bereaved heart to track its flight above.

Oh, sweeter than joy's thoughtless smiles the tears such  
mourners shed,

And hallow'd above earthly love the love that haunts the  
dead ;

And dearer than her first-born's voice the hours of rapture  
giv'n,

In which a mother soars to meet her angel-child in heav'n !

## TO THE MOON, SEEN FROM HEADINGLEY.

MOON ! when last thou walk'dst on high,  
Through the azure fields of sky,  
Oh, how fair the scene that lay  
Bath'd in thy unclouded ray !  
Darkly stood the solemn hill,  
And the wave slept smooth and still.  
Lovely seem'd it to mine eyes,  
As a dream of Paradise ;  
Cloth'd in vestal radiance bright,  
Pure, and pale, and saintly light ;  
While the hush of nature round  
Told that all was holy ground.

Moon, fair moon ! what seest thou now ?

Other scenes beholdest thou ;

Scenes where many a servile trace

Mars fair nature's free-born grace,

Many a harsher sound intrudes

On her peaceful solitudes ;

Many a tale of toilsome life,

Care, and weariness, and strife ;

And where sulphury vapours bear

Darkness through the tainted air.

Yet, fair moon ! thou look'st not down

With a proud or sullen frown ;

Still thou wear'st that gracious mien,

So benignantly serene ;

Still thy bright eye turns on me,

Softly, calmly, soothingly :

Change has pass'd on all around,

Thou alone unchang'd art found.

Lovely emblem that thou art,  
Welcome to my gladden'd heart ;  
Thy returning light I bless  
With rejoicing thankfulness.  
Shall I fear that pain or woe  
Should o'ersshade my path below ?  
Let me rather look above,  
There is light—the light of love.  
Change is still our earthly lot,  
Heav'n—heav'n only—changes not.

## EMIGRATION.

ENGLAND! my country! can it be that thou  
Beneath the burthen of distress should'st bow?  
Thou, that in thy far-stretching empire tak'st  
Wide ocean for thy dwelling-place—who mak'st  
The free-born elements obey thy will,  
And do the biddings of thy conquering skill;—  
And can it be that there should fail thee space  
To people, with th' o'erflowings of thy race?  
No—while one green Savannah's lonely breast  
Expands beneath the silent heav'ns—one vast  
Primeval forest rears its hoary crest,  
Majestic with the weight of ages past,

While earth contains one wild untrodden spot,  
So long shalt thou be mighty ; eager thought  
Sees thee go forth the desert land to bless,  
And with thy gifts make glad the wilderness.

England ! the land of home and home-born joys,  
And all those scenes of calm, domestic rest,  
O'er which sweet peace her pinions loves to poise,  
And brood and hover o'er her fav'rite nest ;  
Go forth, and in the light of stranger skies  
Let English homes of peace and love arise.

England ! the land of freedom, where no law  
Binds the chain'd bosom with despotic awe ;  
No dark and nameless fear intrudes its pow'r  
On the gay gladness of the social hour ;  
But where each thought to careless speech may start—  
The manly language of an honest heart ;  
Where each, of his paternal fields possest,  
Beneath the shadow of his elm may rest ;



Where all, self-prompted by some noble aim,  
May climb the steep, and win the wreath of fame ;  
Go forth, and bear thy lofty rights with thee—  
Thou, free thyself, <sup>and</sup> make other nations free.

England ! the land of knowledge ! where the mind  
Sings eager forth on thought's untravell'd way,  
On eagle pinion soaring, unconfin'd,  
Dares the full blaze, and revels in the ray,  
Or turns with patient toil to search the deep,  
Where, veil'd from sight, creation's secrets sleep ;  
Where art extends her reign of wonders wide,  
No scene o'erlooks, no region leaves untried ;  
Now for the charmed ear, or raptur'd sight,  
Prepares some new enchantment of delight ;  
Now pauses in her airy flight, to pour  
Some humble comforts round the peasant's door ;  
Go forth, and other lands shall catch the ray,  
And share with thee the intellectual day.

Freedom, and knowledge, and the gentler pow'r  
Of home-born joys—yes, 'tis a glorious dow'r  
To bear among all lands: but is this all,

Thou that art highly-favour'd? Canst thou claim  
No loftier privilege, before which fall

Earth's mightiest honours as an empty name?

England! the land of Christian truth! on thee

The day-spring from on high hath ris'n; the night,  
The hopeless night, which veil'd futurity,

A mighty hand hath burst, and there is light.

The voice of God hath reach'd thee; to each home

Have the glad tidings of salvation come;

Thy very soil is sanctified—thine air

Made holy by the breath of fervent pray'r.

The songs of worship from thy temples rise,

Off'ring to heav'n the heart's pure sacrifice;

There the hoar head its rev'rent homage pays,

There infant voices lisp their artless praise.

England ! oh thou to whom so much is giv'n,

What hast thou render'd ? 'Tis a mighty trust

Committed to thee by all-judging heav'n—

How shalt thou answer to the God most just ?

Go forth, the messenger of God ! Go forth,

And bear salvation to the gladden'd earth ;

Go, panoplied in armour from above,

The strength of holiness—the might of love.

Go, and where'er the idol temples rise,

Profaning heav'n with impious sacrifice ;

Where the dark soul, of ev'ry vice a slave,

Lies helpless, buried in its living grave ;

Where lonely anguish sickens in despair,

There claim thy kindred—seek thy brethren there !

Thine be the heart which would to all make known

The glorious light which on itself hath shone ;

Which boldly speaks what gladly it believ'd,

And freely gives, for freely it receiv'd ;

Which looks on all by holiest bonds allied,

To whom one gospel came—for whom one Saviour died !

## WHAT IS IT TO BE PARTED?

WHAT is it to be parted? Is't to be  
Blotted from love's fair book of memory?  
To have the cherish'd dwelling, set apart,  
And kept for us alone, within the heart  
Left bare and tenantless, a desert space,  
Or made some new affection's happier place:  
To see the light that cheer'd us with its beam  
For ever quench'd in cold oblivion's stream?  
To know henceforth, whate'er the lot we own,  
We now must suffer or rejoice alone;  
Rent by one sudden stroke the tender ties,  
Time-hallow'd bonds, and soothing sympathies,  
Which knit our souls to life, and were entwin'd  
Round ev'ry thrilling fibre of the mind?

To pass away from each familiar scene,  
And soon to be as we had never been ?  
Is this a parting—this ? Then might it well  
Be call'd the grave of love—affection's knell ;  
Oh, well might then the fatal words, " We part,"  
Wring tears of blood from the expiring heart !

What is it to be parted ? 'Tis to be  
As 'twere embalm'd in love's fond memory ;  
To have our recollection planted where  
The cherish'd flow'rs of thought bloom fresh and fair ;  
And what, though bitter tears from burning eyes  
Be all the dews that fall—deep, heavy sighs  
The only gales that blow, unfading still,  
Unchang'd they bloom, and ceaseless sweets distil.

What is it to be parted ? 'Tis to live  
Still present in the scenes we leave ; to give  
Our impress unto all ; to make each thing  
That charms the mind, our link'd remembrance bring ;

That the heart-searching voice of melody,  
The bright world painting flashes on the eye,  
The poet's glowing thoughts and living words,  
All things that stir the soul's mysterious chords,  
But add fresh fuel to affection's flame,  
Breathe of our memory, syllable our name.  
It is that all we said, or look'd, or thought,  
Our very tones, back on the mind are brought  
With that quick gush of aching tenderness,  
That mingled throb of transport and distress,  
Which thinks them o'er again, and yet again,  
Till the deep pleasure sickens into pain.

What is it to be parted? 'Tis to dwell  
Enshrined within the heart's most sacred cell,  
Amid its deepest prayers and holiest love,  
And musing thought that makes its home above,  
And mounting hope and faith's exalted trust,  
That looks beyond this world's decaying dust,

And thus to have our blessed portion giv'n  
'Mid things of earth that are the nearest heav'n.  
Yes, this is parting—outwardly to part,  
Unchang'd, unchill'd the undivided heart.  
Yes, this, my friend, is parting ; and thus we  
Part for a while, in the firm trust to be  
United still in thought—still near in sympathy.

## THOUGHTS OF HALLSTEADS.

*Brighton, 1829.*

FAR—far asunder are we! the strong bar

Of space and distance parts me from my home ;

And where my friends, my thoughts, my wishes are,

I cannot come.

But chains of sense the spirit fetter not,

The heart is free to wander every where ;

Thou canst not tread one silent lovely spot

But I am there.

Thou wander'st through the garden—tree, shrub, flow'r,

Meet thee with smile familiar ; each dear path,

The flow'ry valley, *Shalem's walk*, its hour

Of greeting hath.



Thou fill'st thy lap with roses—joyously

Thou revell'st amid flowers profusely fair ;

I drink their breath, I cull their sweets with thee,

For I am there.

Thou tak'st thy noon-day seat on the old tree,

Our natural sofa ; boughs o'er-arching make

A freshness round ; beneath thee placidly

The bright waves break.

Borne o'er the waters, comes upon thine ear

The distant rush of Swarth-beck ; faint and rare

The plaintive bleat. I sit and hear them all,

For I am there.

Thou climb'st the steep hill-side ; elastic springs

The turf beneath thy foot ; from peak to peak

Thou bound'st exulting ; the free gale's fresh wings

Play on thy cheek :

Thou pausest on the brow ; thy soul takes in

The scene—thou drink'st the spirit of the air :

That scene, that air, are felt my soul within,

For I am there.

Thou glidest o'er the lake's calm bosom : now

The rocky point is doubled ; now the bay

Is enter'd ; now the mountain's shaggy brow

Shuts out the day ;

Above thee is the glorious sky ; below

Thou float'st through liquid skies, as bright, as fair :

Ah ! 'tis enchantment ! I, too, feel and know,

For I am there.

Now, o'er the mountain-moor thy footsteps press

The mossy path by Sabbath pilgrims trod ;

Where rises in its sacred lowliness,

The house of God.

A Sabbath-stillness broods o'er heath and hill,

And nature owns the day of praise and pray'r ;

I feel that holy calm my bosom fill,

For I am there.

Yes ! there and every where ! yet think thou not

That 'tis with vain regret I linger nigh,

Like ghosts that flit round some forsaken spot

With wailing cry.

'Tis in the musings of fond memory,

Musings where pleasure wears a pensive air,

In the reflected joy of sympathy,

That I am there.



Poems,

ON

SACRED SUBJECTS.



## POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS.

---

### PARAPHRASE.

---

1 KINGS, xix. 11.

---

THE storm rush'd by—the Prophet look'd, and view'd  
A wild and wasting wreck of hue and form ;  
The shiver'd rocks were strewn in fragments rude—  
But the Lord was not in the rushing storm.

There was an earthquake—beasts, affrighted, fled  
They knew not where, or throng'd in cowering flock,  
While nature shook in agony of dread—  
But the Lord was not in the earthquake's shock.

There was a raging fire—the sea of flame  
Rose in wild tossing surge or curling spire ;  
Laden with death its hollow roaring came—  
But the Lord was not in the raging fire.

There was a silence—then a still, small voice  
Thrill'd through the hush of air with each low word :  
With awful joy the Prophet did rejoice,  
For in that still, small voice he knew the Lord.

Art builds God many temples—she hath striv'n  
To soar above on genius' wing divine,  
And build on earth for Him whose home is heav'n—  
But the Lord dwells not in the costly shrine.

And nature builds her temples—in the lone  
Majestic wilds of earth, or sea, or air,  
Where all seems breathing of the Mighty One—  
But the Lord's chosen dwelling is not there.



There is a lowly temple, all unknown

To art or pomp, within the heart's deep cell,

Unseen its rites, its worship thought alone—

And there the Lord of heaven and earth will dwell.

But how, to welcome in the Guest Divine,

Shall man's frail sinful heart a home prepare ?

The Lord himself must purify the shrine,

And build and hallow his own temple there.

## EASTER SUNDAY,

1829.

THE Lord is ris'n ! lift high the joyful voice—  
Rejoice—with heart, with soul, with strength rejoice !  
The Lord—*our* Lord—the life, the truth, the way,  
By whom we come to God, our hope, our stay,  
In whom all names of power and mercy blend,  
Saviour, Redeemer, Monarch, Master, Friend !  
He is aris'n—His doctrine thus he seals,  
And all his full divinity reveals.  
For us he rose, as he for us had died ;  
Dying he sav'd, and rising justified.  
For us he bore the anguish and the strife,  
The mortal struggle of slow-ebbing life.  
A lifeless corse, a while he tenanted  
The gloomy chambers of the silent dead.

But vain the pow'r of death—its grasp how vain !—  
The Lord of glory bursts to life again !  
God hath not left his Holy One in hell,  
Nor with corruption suffer'd him to dwell !  
The Lord is ris'n ! triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Lord, the mighty Conqueror, strong to save !  
The Lord is ris'n ! a shout is heard on high,  
“ He mounts, and captive leads captivity !”  
The Lord is ris'n ! earth echoes back the cry,  
“ Lo, death is swallow'd up in victory !”

The Lord is ris'n ! no more on earth we see  
The traces of a present Deity ;  
No more he walks in human form, to bring  
Pardon to sin, and ease to suffering ;  
To bid the blind look up and see, the lame  
Leap in his joy, the dumb his praise proclaim ;  
Stay on the quiv'ring lips the fleeting breath,  
And wake the spirit from the sleep of death ;

To heal the broken heart, relieve th' opprest,  
And give the weary and the burthen'd rest.  
The Lord is ris'n—He is not here—on high  
He dwells, in glories hid from human eye.  
But doth he then forsake ? He still is near,  
Still strong to save, still merciful to hear.  
Ris'n, not departed—still unchanged in love  
He sends His gracious Spirit from above  
To testify of him—our souls to lead  
To Him from whom grace, pardon, life proceed ;  
And make his words with quick'ning pow'r impart  
Peace to the weary soul and wounded heart.  
He sees our spirits—to his ear are brought  
The silent pray'r and the unspoken thought,  
Still his atoning blood for sinners pleads,  
For us he mediates still—still intercedes.  
The world beholds him not—but in the breast  
Of those that seek him he is manifest.  
We know he rose the pledge of life to give,  
We know he lives, and we through him shall live.

The Lord is ris'n!—so shall his servants rise,  
Triumphant soar from earth, and claim the skies !  
He went before, their mansion to prepare :  
There he awaits them, and receives them there.  
With him partakers of that blest abode,  
Their's is his Father, and his God their God.  
The Lord is ris'n!—but who with him may rise ?  
Who share those glorious mansions in the skies ?  
They who on earth his hallow'd footsteps trace,  
Conformed to him by his prevailing grace ;  
Whose lives the image of their Lord confess,  
Who die to sin, who live to righteousness.  
These, when th' awak'ning trumpet's voice of dread  
Bids earth and sea give up their countless dead,  
Shall put on incorruption, and shall be  
Cloth'd in the robe of immortality.  
To these the heritage of Christ is giv'n—  
For these are open'd wide the gates of heav'n.  
O may we seek and strive, and watch and pray  
To find this blessed path, this heav'nly way ;

So live, that Christ may live in us—so die,  
That death through him may be a victory—  
With him arise, and join th' unnumber'd throng,  
Who swell from age to age the rapturous song,  
“ Worthy the lamb for our offences slain,  
For us who died, for us who rose again ! ”

## THE NINTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

DARKNESS is brooding o'er the mighty land  
Of Egypt's kingly pomp and mystic lore ;  
E'en from her laden ocean's merchant strand,  
To where the distant Nile's blue cat'racts roar ;  
Thebes' hundred gates and Memphis' pyramid  
Alike are darkly hid.

Silence is o'er the land ; no busy hum  
Of active life—no warrior's clanging tread—  
No shouts from throng'd processions, mingling come—  
No solemn chaunt by priestly voices led—  
Darkness and silence, twin-born sons of night,  
Their kindred sway unite.

And yet this is not night—night, the calm rest  
Of wearied nature ; when we seem to hear  
The measur'd heavings of her placid breast  
In each low sound that dies upon the ear ;  
And wand'ring breezes, and light shifting gleams  
Tell that she sleeps and dreams.

This is no healthful slumber—'tis a swoon,  
A fearful swoon—a sleep as of the dead.  
The pause of anxious fear, awaiting soon  
The dimly-vision'd object of its dread ;  
When the hush'd bosom fears to pant or sob,  
And the heart dares not throb.

And they, earth's human habitants, do they  
Slumber in wonted calm ? Or do they share  
In nature's agony of dumb dismay,  
Th' expecting pause, and then the dark despair,  
When morning came and went—night past away,  
And yet there was no day !



They sit and move not—the young child hath feared  
To move or cry, and silently hath died!  
The mother, mute and spell-bound, hath not dared  
To feed her first-born, fainting by her side;  
The son hath felt his father's sinking head,  
And hath not sought to aid.

They sit and speak not—love, compassion, plaint  
Of fear or sorrow, all are silent there—  
There are no words of trust to cheer the faint—  
No whisper'd comfort, no soft voice of pray'r;  
For the thick darkness in their souls hath dwelt,  
Darkness that might be felt.

And whence this darkness? The sad, troubled soul  
Hath asked, and in itself hath found reply—  
It is His will, who bids the sun to roll  
His car of brightness through the gladden'd sky;  
And He who spake the word, and there was light,  
Hath said "Let there be Night."

## H Y M N.

WE love Thee, Lord ! yet not alone because Thy bounteous  
hand

Show'rs down its ceaseless gifts on ocean and on land,  
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth, rejoicing in his  
might,

And kindle earth to glowing life, and beauty with his  
light.

Because Thou roll'st the orbs of light through trackless  
fields of space,

And giv'st to each low creeping flow'r its own peculiar  
grace,

Because in sunshine and in storm alike we see Thee near,  
In summer gale and rushing storm alike Thy voice we  
hear.

'Tis not alone because Thy names, of wisdom, pow'r,  
and love,

Are written on the earth beneath and the glorious skies  
above ;

We praise Thee, Lord ! for these, yet not for these alone  
The incense of a Christian's love arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord ! because when we had err'd and  
gone astray,

Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls into the heavenward  
way ;

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and sorrow's  
night,

Thou didst beam forth a guiding ray of Thy benignant  
light.

Because, when we forsook Thy ways, nor kept Thy holy  
will,

Thou wert not an avenging judge, but a gracious father  
still ;

Because we have forgotten Thee, but Thou hast not  
forgot—

Because we have forsaken Thee, but Thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord ! Thou lovedst us with everlasting love,  
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die, that we might live  
above ;

Because when we were doom'd to hell Thou gav'st the  
hopes of heav'n—

We love because we much have sinn'd, and much have  
been forgiv'n.

JAMES v. 13.

---

“ Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray.  
Is any merry? Let him sing psalms.”

---

Is there who dwells where dangers round him press,  
Where snares perplex, where cruel foes surround,  
For whom there seems no shelter from distress,  
No refuge found?

Yet let him patient tread the thorny road;

Let him with hope look up to heav'n, for there  
Is refuge—thence are grace and strength bestow'd,  
When sought in pray'r.

Is there who bows beneath the stroke of woe,  
Woe that refuseth to be comforted,  
Whose love, whose joy, whose ev'ry hope below  
Are with the dead?

Yet let him lift his heavy eye above—

There are no partings—sorrow comes not there—

There may he join the objects of his love,

E'en now in pray'r.

Is there who, deeply burthen'd, groans beneath

The secret weight, the worm that gnaws within,

Whose spirit shrinks before the thought of death,

Death caus'd by sin ?

Though long his feet the paths of guilt have trod,

Though his pierc'd conscience whelm him in despair,

Yet let him hope—he yet may find the God

That heareth pray'r.

Is there, to whom great Nature all her store

Of secret wealth and hidden charms unfolds,

Who with her forms of loveliness and pow'r

Communion holds ?

Let him, while oft th' unfelt, unbidden tear

Steals o'er his eye, and dims his ardent gaze,

Look up to Him who made this perfect sphere,

And give God praise.

Is there who looks around his happy home  
With the deep gush of love unspeakable,  
That sanctuary where evil cannot come,  
Where blessings dwell?  
Let him with grateful love that God adore,  
Who, with unceasing mercy crowns his days,  
And all his heart's o'erflowing fulness pour  
In fervent praise.

Is there to whom the words of pardoning love  
Have been no idle dream, no empty sound;  
Who, earth forsaking, hath sought peace above,  
And peace hath found?  
Let him, the blest, the ransom'd, the forgiv'n,  
On faith's strong wing his joyful spirit raise,  
And, with a foretaste of the joys of heav'n,  
His Saviour praise.

Pray'r—praise—these form the chariot-wheels of fire,  
Which bear the soul, as heav'n-ward rapt she springs;  
These rend the veil which hides from our desire  
Eternal things.

By these the soul, a weary pilgrim here,  
    Anticipates a while its home of rest ;  
The banish'd spirit seeks its native sphere  
    Among the blest.

Pray'r—praise—as holy off'rings these we bring  
    To the heart's altar ; secret fears and woes,  
Deep eager thirstings for the healing spring  
    Whence pardon flows.

Aspirings to the heav'nly life within—  
    The quenchless love, the firm repose of faith,  
Anchor'd on Him whose pow'r hath freed from sin,  
    And conquer'd death.

The eager wish, the ardent purpose, brought  
    To the sure test of God's all-perfect will ;  
The memory of past mercies, which to thought  
    Are present still ;—  
All the glad instincts of our youthful days,  
    The joys of home, of kindred, and of friends,  
All meet, and thence the breath of pray'r and praise  
    Mingling ascends.



But can the fall'n, the stain'd, the earthly heart,

To a pure God accepted tribute give?

Due worth to its own feeble thoughts impart

And bid them live?

Some fire from heav'n must send its living rays

To kindle the dead, worthless, sacrifice;

Then only can the flames of pray'r and praise

As incense rise.

PARAPHRASE OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

GLORY to God! the vaulted heav'ns proclaim

Glory to God! the firmament replies ;

He out of nothing call'd this mighty frame,

He cloth'd with brightness the resplendent skies,

And still the rolling spheres declare abroad,

Glory to God!

Day unto day his greatness—night to night

Utters his praise ; star telleth it to star ;

Months bear it onward in their circling flight,

And seasons swell the anthem from afar.

There is no speech nor tongue, no peopled scene,  
But there the echo of their voice hath been ;  
Still sounding forth, thro' nature's vast abode,  
    Glory to God !

He builds the sun his tented dwelling-place,  
    And sends him forth to gladden earth with light ;  
Bright with a bridal joy his beamy face,  
    And giant-like exulting in his might ;  
Forth from his chambers in the east he goes,  
The gorgeous west the couch of his repose ;  
Still utt'ring, as he walks his heav'nly road,  
    Glory to God !

Glory to Thee, O Lord ! Thy *works* declare,  
    And doth Thy *word* less testify of Thee ?  
'Tis there Thy mercy dwells enshrin'd, and there  
    Shines forth the fulness of Thy majesty.  
Thy perfect law can touch the harden'd heart  
    With humble penitence and holy love ;

Can to the darken'd soul true light impart,  
And to the simple, wisdom from above.  
Healing, and peace, the word of life supplies,  
Joy to the soul, and gladness to the eyes.  
Yea, heav'n and earth shall pass away : but sure  
Thy word shall stand—Thy promises endure.  
Richer their treasures than the golden mine ;  
Sweeter than earthly feasts these joys divine.  
How blest are they who keep Thy laws, O Lord !  
How light their yoke—how glorious their reward !  
Then, while our grateful hearts within us burn,  
To Thee, All-great, All-gracious One ! we turn ;  
Creator, Saviour, Comforter ! to Thee,  
Thou God of scripture ! praise and blessing be.  
And let our joyful lips proclaim abroad,  
Glory to God !

Glory to God ! but how may mortals swell  
The lofty anthem of celestial praise ?  
Alas ! who knows his errors ! Who can tell  
How oft, in thought, and deed, and word, he strays ?

Oh, from each secret fault, unmark'd, unknown,

Great Saviour ! great Redeemer ! cleanse thou me ;

For all the burthen of my guilt atone,

And from its dark dominion set me free.

Be ev'ry rash, presumptuous sin abhorr'd,

Nor let me dare transgress Thy will, O Lord !

Upright my words ; and pleasing unto Thee

Let all my secret meditations be ;

Thus yielding from my inmost heart's abode,

Glory to God !

## THE VISION OF THE DRY BONES.

EZEKIEL xxxvii.

THE Spirit of the Lord upon me fell,

His hand upbore me through the fields of air—

And lo ! I stood within a lonely dell

Of utter desolation—silence there,

A stagnant silence, heavy, drear, and dread,

Unbroken reign'd—the very air was dead.

Around, in bleaching ghastliness, were strown

Th' unburied skeletons of thousands slain,

All in this charnel-house of nature thrown.

Then spake the Lord : “ Can human life again

Revisit these dry heaps of mould'ring bone ? ”

I answered : “ Lord, thou know'st, and thou alone.”

“ Prophecy, son of man, yea, prophecy,

And say to these dry bones—Thus saith the Lord :

Ye scatter’d fragments of mortality,

Gather yourselves together at my word ;

Put on your fleshly garments, and array

Yourselves in throbbing, breathing, sentient clay.”

Then I did prophecy, and there was heard

A trembling, and a shaking, and a sound ;

Bone sought out kindred bone, and limbs were stirr’d

To union, and with sinews clos’d around.

Goodly they were to look upon, and fair,—

But lifeless all—there was no spirit there.

“ Prophecy, son of man, yea, prophecy,

And say to the four winds—Thus saith the Lord :

Come from your cloudy palaces on high,

From heaven’s far circuit hearken to my word ;

Stoop your strong pinions down to earth, and give

Your spirit to these slain, that they may live.”

Then I did prophesy, and lo! there came

A rushing mighty wind; the tempest swept  
Through the amaz'd and startled air, like flame  
Circled the rapid current; they who slept  
The dreamless sleep of death, stood up again,  
A mighty living host upon the plain.

E'en thus, O Lord, do we, man's fallen race,

Sleep the death-sleep of nature's moral night;  
Aliens from promise, strangers to Thy grace,  
We walk in darkness, and we call it light.  
Alive to this world's busy vanity,  
But dead to heav'n, to holiness, to Thee.

Then do Thy servants, to whose guardian care

Thy mysteries are giv'n, proclaim Thy word;  
And while its awful embassy they bear,  
Build up a goodly church unto the Lord.  
Yet is it lifeless all, and outward show,  
Till Thou, O Lord, Thy quick'ning aid bestow.



Until the Lord, the promis'd Paraclete,  
Spirit of life and holiness, who came  
The mystery of mercy to complete,  
On wing of whirlwind, and with garb of flame,  
Upon our hearts his sacred baptism shed,  
And quicken to the life of heav'n the dead.

## HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,  
Ris'n with gladness in thy beams !  
Light, which not of earth is born,  
From thy dawn in glory streams ;  
Airs of heav'n are breath'd around,  
And each place is holy ground.

Sad and weary were our way,  
Fainting oft beneath our load,  
But for thee, thou blessed day !  
Resting-place on life's rough road ;  
Here flow forth the streams of grace,  
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

Great Creator ! who this day  
From thy perfect work didst rest,  
By the souls that own thy sway,  
Hallow'd be its hours, and blest ;  
Cares of earth aside be thrown,  
*This* day give to heav'n alone.

Saviour ! who this day didst break  
The dark prison of the tomb,  
Bid my slumbering soul awake,  
Shine through all its sin and gloom ;  
Let me, from my bonds set free,  
Die to sin, and live to Thee !

Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !  
Sent this day with pow'r from high,  
Lord ! on me Thy gifts confer,  
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify ;  
Be Thine influence shed abroad,  
Lead me to the truth of God !

Dear and precious in my sight  
Be the day of God's own choice,  
Be the Sabbath my delight,  
Let me, Lord ! in Thee rejoice ;  
Thine let each affection be,  
Consecrate each thought to Thee.

When I seek Thy house of pray'r,  
And before Thee humbly bow,  
Let me feel Thee present there,  
Bless the pray'r, the praise, the vow ;  
Give me grace to worship Thee—  
Pity mine infirmity.

Soon, too soon ! the sweet repose  
Of this day of God will cease ;  
Soon this glimpse of heav'n will close,  
Vanish soon the hours of peace ;  
Soon return the toil, the strife,  
All the weariness of life.

But the rest which yet remains

For thy people, Lord ! above,

Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains—

Endless as Almighty love.

Oh may ev'ry sabbath here

Bring us to that rest more near !

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO ONE PREVENTED, BY ILLNESS, FROM  
ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BLEST is the holy place  
Which the Lord chose that there his name should be ;  
And blest the day we meet before his face,  
And seek his house in Christian company.

Sweet are the accents heard  
When humbled souls before their God rejoice ;  
Confess their sins, and plead his gracious word,  
Owning one faith—one hope—one heart—one voice.

And sweet the promise giv'n  
In words which faith delighteth to proclaim,  
That our ascended Lord will stoop from heav'n,  
Where two or three <sup>are</sup> are gather'd in his name.

Yet sounds as sweet arise  
From many a couch where lonely sickness faints;  
Forbid to join th' united sacrifice,  
And glad communion of assembled saints.

The Lord is swift to hear  
The solitary sighings of distress ;  
The comfort of His presence is most near  
To such as be in pain and heaviness.

In that sad, stricken heart,  
His spirit makes its most assur'd abode ;  
Which from all earthly solace forc'd to part,  
Still trusts the Lord, and stays itself on God.

## EVENING HYMN.

Now the golden light has faded  
From the pure and cloudless sky ;  
By the veil of darkness shaded,  
Hill and lake and valley lie.  
Sooth'd to peace is ev'ry feeling  
By the hour so sweet and dim,  
While upon the silence stealing,  
Softly floats our Vesper Hymn.

On the dewy breath of even  
Thousand odours mingling rise,  
Borne like incense up to heav'n,  
Nature's ev'ning sacrifice.



With her balmy off'rings blending,  
Let our glad thanksgivings be  
To thy Throne, O Lord ! ascending,  
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

Praise we yield—yet ah ! while dwelling  
On the thanks thy mercies claim,  
Darker thoughts their tale are telling,  
Full of grief and full of shame.  
Oft rebellious—oft mistaken,  
Sorrowing at thy feet we bow ;  
Yet, though Thee we have forsaken,  
Oh ! our God ! forsake not Thou !

Thou whose favours without number  
All our days with gladness bless,  
Let thine eye, which knows not slumber,  
Guard our hours of helplessness.  
Then though conscious we are sleeping  
In the outer courts of death,

Safe beneath a Father's keeping,  
Calm we rest in placid faith.

Lord, when life is closing round us,  
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,  
Let thy beams of love surround us,  
Let us know Thee—feel Thee near.  
Saviour, who didst rise all-glorious  
From the spoil'd and baffled grave,  
Show Thyself in us victorious,  
Prove in us Thy pow'r to save !

“ IN THIS IS VICTORY.”

AN INSCRIPTION OVER THE CROSS.

HALLOW'D emblem, where we see  
A Redeemer's victory ;  
Blessed cross ! the symbol thou  
Once of shame, of glory now ;  
Fitting sign to wave above  
The house where Christians meet in love,  
And, in faith, in hope allied,  
Bow before the Crucified !

He whom thus we bow before,  
He whom earth and heav'n adore,  
He, the Conqueror, born to quell  
The dark might of death and hell ;

Born our life and peace to be,  
How gain'd He the victory?  
Did there wait on His command  
Weapon'd-host and warrior-band?  
Rush'd the furious battle-throng,  
Borne in eddying tides along,  
With trumpet-blast and thund'ring car,  
And all the fearful pomp of war?

By the lowly manger-shed  
Where His infant form was laid,  
By the years of childhood spent  
In filial awe and meek content,  
By the desert-conflict's hour,  
By the tempter's baffled pow'r,  
By labours in th' unshelter'd air,  
By days of toil and nights of prayer  
By thy pangs, Gethsemane!  
Dread unfathom'd agony!

By the traitor's kiss of death,  
 By th' expiring hour of faith,  
 When His followers fled His side,  
 All forsook Him, one denied ;  
 By the horrors, whose foul sight  
 Quench'd the noon-day sun in night,  
 Thy horrors, fatal Calvary !  
 'Twas thus He won the victory !

They their Saviour's name who bear,  
 They His crown who hope to wear,  
 How may they aspire to be  
 Sharers in His victory ?

By the spirit, high and proud,  
 To the yoke of meekness bow'd ;  
 By th' impetuous will resign'd  
 In humility of mind ;  
 By renouncement, full and free,  
 Of the heart's idolatry,

By the steps obedient led  
In the narrow way to tread,  
Daring not to linger long  
In the classic groves of song,  
In roseate fancy's vale of flowers,  
Or leisure's philosophic bowers,  
Thence turning to the thorny road  
By duty's painful footsteps trod ;  
By angry taunt, and look of scorn  
Mildly answer'd, firmly borne ;  
By the harder, sterner part,  
To nerve the soul and steel the heart,  
And, where conscience bids, deny  
The gentle voice, the pleading eye ;  
By tears of secret bitterness,  
By the sad heart's loneliness ;  
By courage strong to persevere  
When shrinking nature faints for fear ;  
By the struggle and the strife  
Ending but with ending life ;

Thus, and only thus, may we  
Win the Christian victory !

Who of men this load may bear ?  
Who behold and not despair ?  
Lord our God, to Thee we bow ;  
Thou canst help, and only Thou !  
Thy grace, omnipotent to bless,  
Triumphs in our feebleness.  
They who conquer in this fight,  
Conquer not in earthly might.  
Not with mortal sword or shield  
Do they seek the battle-field,  
Theirs are weapons form'd on high  
In Thy celestial armoury ;  
Not by bread alone they live,  
Thou a higher life must give ;  
Life whose source is hid in heav'n,  
Hourly needed, hourly giv'n.

If aught good by them be wrought,  
Thou, O Lord! inspir'st the thought;  
If they win the victory,  
Thine, O Lord! the glory be!

Heav'nly Father! Thou art nigh  
To hear thy helpless children's cry.  
Gracious Shepherd! Thou wilt keep  
Thy poor, weak, erring, fainting sheep.  
Holy Guide! in paths of peace  
Thou wilt make our wand'rings cease.  
Blest Physician! Thou wilt heal  
All the wounds our spirits feel.  
Prince and Saviour! Thou wilt bless  
All who seek thy righteousness.  
Great Deliv'rer! Thou wilt be  
Safety, life, and victory!



MARK vi. 48.

'Twas the fourth watch of night. On the dark sea,  
Through stormy waves, a boat toil'd heavily ;  
Within that boat were fearful hearts, that sought  
In vain their Lord and Master ; Him who brought  
Pardon and peace. He, said they, is not near,  
He leaves us to our danger and our fear.  
Then came there by a form, at that lone hour,  
Which walk'd the waves in majesty and pow'r ;  
Fear check'd their breath, and fix'd their glazing eye—  
“ It is a spirit,” was their awe-struck cry :  
Then Jesus spake, He calm'd them with his word—  
“ Be of good cheer—behold ! 'tis I, your Lord.”

Thus, through the dangers of life's tossing sea  
We oft toil on, oppress'd and heavily ;  
We deem ourselves of ev'ry hope bereft—  
Of God forsaken—of our Father left.  
Our feeble faith sees not the Saviour nigh,  
Nor pierces through his veil of mystery ;  
But, with weak doubts, and unbelieving fears,  
We shun the form in which our God appears.  
O Lord, the God of truth, the source of light,  
Chase from our darken'd souls these shades of night ;  
In all Thy wondrous ways Thyself reveal ;  
Make us in all Thy constant presence feel ;  
Still let thy Spirit speak the gracious word—  
“ Be of good cheer—behold ! 'tis I, the Lord.”

When evil gathers round—when grief prevails—  
When friends forsake us, and when comfort fails—  
When, crush'd and broken ev'ry earthly trust,  
We bow our heads in sorrow to the dust.

When God draws near, to visit us in wrath,  
And dread and anguish mark his awful path—  
When nature shrinks before th' avenging rod,  
And all the terrors of a holy God—  
Still let us cling to His unchanging word—  
Still let us say, in faith—"It is the Lord!"  
It is the Lord, whose chast'ning hand we feel,  
Who smites in love—who only wounds to heal.  
It is the Lord who thus our spirits tries,  
Thus, in the fiery furnace purifies.  
To His good pleasure we resign our own—  
It is the Lord! and let His will be done!

And when the last, the mortal hour draws nigh—  
The hour of struggle and of agony;  
When the dark past, that troubled ocean, rolls  
Its tide of memories o'er our whelmed souls—  
When the dim present fades, and sinks in night,  
And the vast future presses on our sight—

When doubt and fear, with trembling, anxious strife,  
Cling round the soul, and hold it down to life—  
Oh ! when by us the gloomy path is trod,  
Still may we seek, still find, a present God !  
It is the Lord, whose solemn call we hear—  
It is the Lord—and wherefore should we fear ?  
It is the Lord—the mighty, strong to save,  
Conqueror of death, triumphant o'er the grave ;—  
It is the Lord—whose everlasting love  
Hath bless'd on earth, and still will bless above.  
It is the Lord who bids our conflict cease,  
And summons us to realms of sinless peace.  
It is the Lord who bids his children come,  
And find in Him their everlasting home !

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

OH ! Thou who didst this rite reveal,  
Of our blest faith the pledge and seal,  
Around thine altar, lo ! we kneel,  
Met to remember Thee.

How most unworthy, we, O Lord !  
To meet around thy sacred board !  
Yet 'tis thine own all-gracious word  
Bids us remember Thee.

Thou faintly lov'd and feebly sought,  
Too oft forsaken, and forgot ;  
With contrite shame, with sorrowing thought,  
Lord ! we remember Thee.

Yet, Saviour ! yet Thou canst forgive,  
For Thou hast died that man might live ;  
Hope, from Thy promise we receive—  
With hope remember Thee.

Thou in our suff'ring flesh hast dwelt,  
Guiltless our load of guilt hast felt ;  
Should not our hearts within us melt,  
Saviour, rememb'ring Thee ?

'Twas love, untold, unfathom'd love,  
Which brought Thee from Thy throne above ;  
And shall not love our bosoms move,  
While we remember Thee ?

Through Thee, th' All-holy can be just,  
Yet justify our sinful dust ;  
With joyful faith—with thankful trust,  
Lord ! we remember Thee.

Through Thee, our shield, our hiding-place,  
We may behold th' Almighty's face ;  
Through Thee we seek the throne of grace ;  
We pray, rememb'ring Thee.

In Thee, the weary and th' opprest  
Find their sure home—their perfect rest ;  
Blest are our griefs—our trials blest,  
While we remember Thee.

Through Thee, the feeblest shall prevail ;  
Thou wilt not leave—Thou canst not fail :  
Thy covenanted word we hail,  
With joy rememb'ring Thee.

Through Thee, is won the glorious prize,  
The crown of bliss, which never dies ;  
All heav'n is open'd on their eyes  
Who die rememb'ring Thee.

Oh ! let me from my heart dismiss  
My vain desires of earthly bliss ;  
My hope, my joy, my glory this,  
To live rememb'ring Thee.

Saviour ! on Thee my soul I stay ;  
Oh, guide me in the narrow way ;  
And in the last, the awful day,  
Good Lord, remember me !



## SWEET IS THE VOICE OF SONG.

SWEET is the voice of song,  
The passion-breathing voice of the deep soul ;  
The air soft trembles as it floats along,  
As, onward borne, in undulating roll,  
Swell the melodious tides. Then wakes the heart,  
Then to warm life long-buried feelings start,  
Then throbs each pulse with quick tumultuous thrill,  
And visions of delight the fancy fill  
With vague, wild, dream-like gladness, and diffuse  
The wildering brightness of enchantment's hues.  
Yet while the melting sounds entrance mine ear,  
I turn away ; I feel to me more dear  
The solemn stillness of the ev'ning air,

For Thou, my God ! art there !

Fair is the festive hall,

With light, and life, and beauty glowing round ;

Where airy footsteps glance in measur'd fall,

And bright eyes sparkle, and young brows are bound

With the fresh flower-wreath ; thought, a stranger there,

Smooths his deep furrows, and the wrinkled care

At least is mask'd in smiles : there, life may seem

The gilded pageant of a glitt'ring dream,

Whose sportive throngs on thoughtless wing flit by,

Like the gay myriads of the summer sky ;

Yet while the fever'd splendours round me burn,

Oh ! gladly thence my aching eyes I turn,

Glad to my lonely chamber I repair,

For Thou, my God ! art there.

Bright is the social hour

When the rich mind unlocks its hoarded stores ;

Then Genius, glorying in his pride of pow'r,

Spreads his free wing and mounts ; then Fancy pours

Her rainbow-tints around ; then thought intense,

Long-brooding thought, glows into eloquence,

And, kindling all around them while they shine,  
Flash forth the treasures of the mental mine.  
Then Mind sits sceptered on aerial throne,  
And calls the universe of thought her own.  
We gaze upon her gifted ones, and claim  
With pride our common race, our common name.  
Yes—bright the hour—I know th' enchantment well—  
Yet, dearer than its soul-enthralling spell,  
Oh! dearer far the secret hour of prayer,  
For thou, my God! art there!

Sweet song and festive hall,  
And the bright play of fancy, joys like these  
Charm one illusive hour; but what are all  
When one deep thought th' awaken'd heart will seize,  
One all-pervading feeling ever near,  
The solemn thought, Is God remembered here?  
All-gracious One! and can I love the spot  
Where Thou, if not denied, art yet forgot?  
Oh! gladly from the dangerous scenes I flee  
To thee, my God! to Thee!

### “ JESUS WEPT.”

OH precious words of pow'r to heal  
The deepest wounds our spirits feel,  
Thus stamp'd with inspiration's seal,  
The words, that “ Jesus wept.”

When bow'd beneath our weight of care,  
Our hearts half-sicken with despair,  
We'll turn, and find our comfort there,  
Reading how “ Jesus wept.”

He wept ! e'en He whose word could make  
The grasp of death its prey forsake,  
Could bid the slumb'ring clay awake—  
Th' Almighty Saviour wept !

He saw the weeping sisters mourn,  
 He saw their hearts with anguish torn ;  
 Alas ! that grief of love is born !  
           He look'd on them, and wept.

Mourner ! thy wasted cheek I see,  
 It tells of lonely misery ;  
 But is there none to comfort thee ?  
           There is, for “ Jesus wept !”

Our great High Priest, who dwells on high,  
 Still listens to His children's cry,  
 For whom He once vouchsaf'd to die,  
           For whom on earth He wept.

“ Oh ! present still though now unseen,”  
 Saviour ! on Thee by faith we lean,  
 Who like ourselves hast tempted been,  
           Who like ourselves hast wept.

Henceforth we cast aside our care,  
Joyful for conflict we prepare,  
Joyful go forth our cross to bear,  
Rememb'ring “ Jesus wept.”

## THE PASSOVER.

A CRY—a long, wild, agonizing cry—

A nation's voice of anguish—the lament

Of a heart-stricken people.—Fearfully,

Oh Egypt! hath the wrath of heav'n been sent

On thy proud land. Thy rivers that ran blood,

The noisome pestilence, thy darken'd air,

Swarming forth plagues—thy noxious-teeming flood,

Thy green fertility laid waste and bare—

And the dread night—darkness that might be felt—

All these have fall'n in desolating pow'r—

And yet thy haughty spirit did not melt—

But now the sword hath pierc'd thy heart. One hour,

One brief hour past, and midnight's silence deep  
Reign'd o'er a world all hush'd in dreaming sleep.  
Peaceful they slumber'd in their sev'ral lot—  
Death was around them, but they knew it not.  
E'en then death's angel, the destroyer, rode  
The air,—he bore the vengeance of a God.  
Awhile he paus'd—and all the conscious earth  
Trembled—but now his arrows are gone forth,  
And groans of anguish load the echoing air,  
And shrieks in ev'ry house—for death is ev'ry where !

Death ev'ry where—from the high palace-hall,  
Built as if life were an eternity,  
And its proud lord, before whom nations fall,  
Shar'd not the lot of frail mortality—  
To the dark cell, where captives draw the breath  
Of dungeon dampness—ev'ry where is death.  
And in all ages—the young mother, she  
To whom her babe's first look of life display'd



New worlds of love and joy—who silently  
Has wept sweet tears o'er the fresh blossom laid  
Upon her heart to rest—who wakes to watch  
Its sleeping eyes, and its low breathings catch.  
Alas, for her! her cradling-arms are spread  
How vainly now—she does but clasp the dead!  
The hoary sire, whose feeble steps have hung  
Upon his first-born's vigorous arm—who clung  
To him, the staff of his old age, the stay  
He lean'd on, cheerer of his dark'ning day—  
Who saw in him his future race arise,  
Who look'd to him to close his dying eyes—  
Now sees him dead—his lonely age is left  
To journey to the grave, a mourner, and bereft.

But came the scourge on all? Was there no spot  
So favour'd, where the angry bolts fell not?  
Apart and separate, within the land

There dwelt a stranger people; an oppress,  
A poor, a scorn'd, a persecuted band,  
Of the sad captive's heritage possess,

Bondage and toil—toil that no respite knows,  
E'en in the furnace lab'ring for their foes.  
While tyranny, still cruel in her fears,  
Mingled with blood the bondsman's bitter tears.  
Yet e'en for these, earth's scorn'd ones, was laid waste  
Egypt's renowned land—her pride defac'd ;  
For these, Omnipotence its wonders wrought ;  
For these, the arm of the Eternal fought.  
They were the chosen of the Lord—the race  
    To whom was giv'n the inspir'd, the living word ;  
With them He fix'd His earthly dwelling-place ;  
    They, only they, th' Invisible ador'd.  
Now when the flow'r of Egypt's land lay dead,  
A shield around their guarded homes was spread ;  
Yet fear is on their hearts—with holy awe  
They meet, obedient to the heav'nly law ;  
Gather'd in families, a mingl'd band,  
Sandall'd and girt, as men in haste, they stand  
Around the board where the meek victim lies,  
The Paschal Lamb's prophetic sacrifice.

The solemn rite perform'd, on ev'ry door  
The pure and consecrated blood they pour,  
It is th' appointed sign of the Most High,  
The angel of the Lord beholds—and passes by.

Oh ! Thou Almighty ! in that awful day  
When heav'n and earth before thee flee away—  
When sun and stars their with'ring lustre pale,  
And the firm world's secure foundations fail—  
When Thou descend'st to judgment, to reveal  
The secrets of all spirits—to lay bare  
The dark polluted depths our hearts conceal,  
Before assembled men, and angels there—  
When from our eyes the scales shall fall, and we  
See all things in Thy light, Eternity !  
When they who scorn'd Thee in Thy day of grace,  
Call on the rocks to hide them from Thy face—  
Oh ; 'midst that fearful agony, may we,  
Thou Lamb of God ! still cling in faith to Thee ?  
From us the terrors of Thy wrath remove,  
And look on us in Thy redeeming love !

For us hath Christ, our Passover, been slain—  
And shall the glorious blood be shed in vain ?  
For us, with love divine, love passing thought,  
The ransom He hath paid, the pardon bought—  
Hath died, our load of judgment to remove—  
And shall we sin against His dying love ?  
*Now*, Saviour, *now*, e'en *now*, we turn to Thee—  
Now from the wrath to come for refuge flee—  
*Now* touch our spirits with Thy grace divine—  
*Now* let the blood of sprinkling seal us thine.  
Then, in that hour of nature's dark despair,  
Seal'd with that holy seal, behold us there,  
And spare, for Thine own sake, Thy ransom'd people spare !

## THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

SWEET when friends their joys impart ;  
Thoughts to thoughts responsive start ;  
Soul to soul, and heart to heart,  
Thus they meet.

Yet, when sev'ring fate denies  
Mutual looks and answering eyes,  
They who own a Christian's ties,  
Still may meet.

When the house of prayer they seek,  
When the words of promise speak  
Comfort to the faint and weak,  
Then they meet.

When the heart's affections move,  
Borne on wings of joy and love,  
To their resting-place above,  
Then they meet.

When the word of life is read,  
When their hearts are comforted,  
And with heav'nly manna fed,  
Then they meet.

When their pilgrim-path is past,  
Sin and death behind them cast,  
In their Father's house at last,  
There they meet.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully  
with thee."—Psalm cxvi. 7.

RETURN my soul, return unto thy rest ;

For wide and weary have thy wand'rings been.  
And yet thy path with laughing flow'rs was drest,  
Bright smil'd the sky, and lovely was the scene ;  
Could'st thou find nought thy thirst of bliss to fill,  
That thou must turn again a restless wand'rer still ?

Hope's lofty promise, and her bright deceit,

The eager thirst, the restlessness of mind,  
Throbbing with fever'd joy's tumultuous beat,

These thou hast found, but rest thou could'st not find ;  
Thou didst tread a fairy-land of dreams—

Alas ! from dreams like these, how sad the wak'ning seems !

Yes—thou hast lean'd upon a broken reed,

And it hath pierced thee—thou hast built thy trust  
On that which could not profit in thy need—

Thou hast grasp'd treasures, and they turn'd to dust ;  
And many a vain regret within thee stirr'd,  
And many a sick'ning pang which waits on hope deferr'd.

Thou hast been wand'ring, like the dove, that sought

Her own green home across the lonely deep  
That whelm'd a world ! above, around, was nought

But the waste waters with their sullen sweep.  
Perchance some bough emerging she descried ;  
She reach'd it—'twas a wreck, far floating on the tide.

And did she perish there, that homeless dove,

With wearied wing and panting breast ? Ah ! no ;  
The sheltering Ark was nigh, a hand of love.

Receiv'd her, and she liv'd. And even so.  
My soul, may'st thou find comfort ; there may be  
A home of refuge still, a shelt'ring Ark for thee.



Blame not this earth, that she hath fail'd to give  
 What none ere found who ended here his quest,  
 But turn to Him who bade the sinner live,  
 Heal'd the sad heart, and gave the weary rest ;  
 His gracious voice of welcome sounds for thee,  
 His yoke is life, and peace, and glorious liberty !

Yes, turn to Him—unquench'd, uncheck'd, unchill'd  
 Th' aspiring aim, the fervid energy ;  
 But fix'd on more enduring joys, and fill'd  
 With hopes how full of immortality !  
 Henceforth thy heart, thy home, be with the blest ;  
 Return my soul, return, and find in God thy rest.

FINIS.

# GARDENS AND GROUNDS

OF

## WOBURN ABBEY.

SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED,

*Under the Patronage of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, handsomely Printed in One Volume Royal and Demy Octavo, illustrated by Views, Plans, and Sections of all the Forcing-Houses, Green-Houses, Flower Gardens, &c. &c.*

**HORTUS WOBURNENSIS:** a Descriptive Catalogue, comprising Generic and Specific Character, Colour of the Flower, Native Country, Year of Introduction, Soil, and Mode of Propagation, of Six Thousand of the most Ornamental, Exotic, and Indigenous Plants, in the Collection at Woburn Abbey; with an Account of the Routine of Culture pursued in the Forcing Department throughout the Year; a List of the Fruits Cultivated; forming short Practical Treatises on the Pine, Melon, Grape, &c. By JAMES FORBES, C.M.H.S., &c. Principal Gardener at Woburn Abbey.

The Grounds of this Establishment were laid out and the Garden Buildings designed by the most eminent Landscape Gardeners and Architects of the age, the late Mr. REPTON, Sir JEFFERY WYATVILLE, and Mr. ATKINSON.

The Forcing Houses are newly erected, and are all heated by Hot Water, on the most approved principles—Plans and Details of which will be given.

*Price to Subscribers—Royal, £.1 10s.; Demy, 16s.*

A few Proof copies, with Coloured Plates, will be prepared; but none beyond those expressly subscribed for.

On publication, the price must be considerably increased.

As only a limited number of Copies of the large-sized Paper will be printed, persons desirous of being supplied, are requested to send their Names forthwith to the Publishers, Messrs. RIDGWAY, 169, Piccadilly; or the Author, at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire.

## CULTURE OF NARCISSUS.

*Second Edition, enlarged, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

**NARCISSINEARUM MONOGRAPHIA;** a History of, and Practical Treatise on the Cultivation and Management of the beautiful Family of NARCISSINEAN PLANTS, the finest early Group of our Gardens. By A. H. HAWORTH, Esq.

**CARTONENSIA;** or, an Historical and Critical Account of the Tapestries in the Palace of the Vatican; copied from the Designs of Raphael of Urbino, and of such of the Cartoons whence they were woven, as are now in preservation; with Notes and Illustrations. To which are subjoined, Remarks on the Causes which retard the progress of the higher departments of the Art of Painting in this Country. By the Rev. W. GUNN, B.D. In 8vo. 8s. 6d. cloth.

“ \* \* \* his work is calculated to improve the taste, and delight the mind, by inspiring a love of the Arts; it has obviously, in every portion of it, the nobler end of amending the heart, by making the Muses the handmaids of Virtue.”—*Literary Gazette.*



66-147-b<sup>5</sup>







3 1158 01147 1322

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 381 039 7

